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box 1

MUMSS-00028

Katherine A Erwin

Katherine A Erwin

Auld Lang Syne

Katherine A Erwin

Auld Lang Syne

Auld Lang Syne

Polly Elvira Bouchell

Polly Salem North Carolina

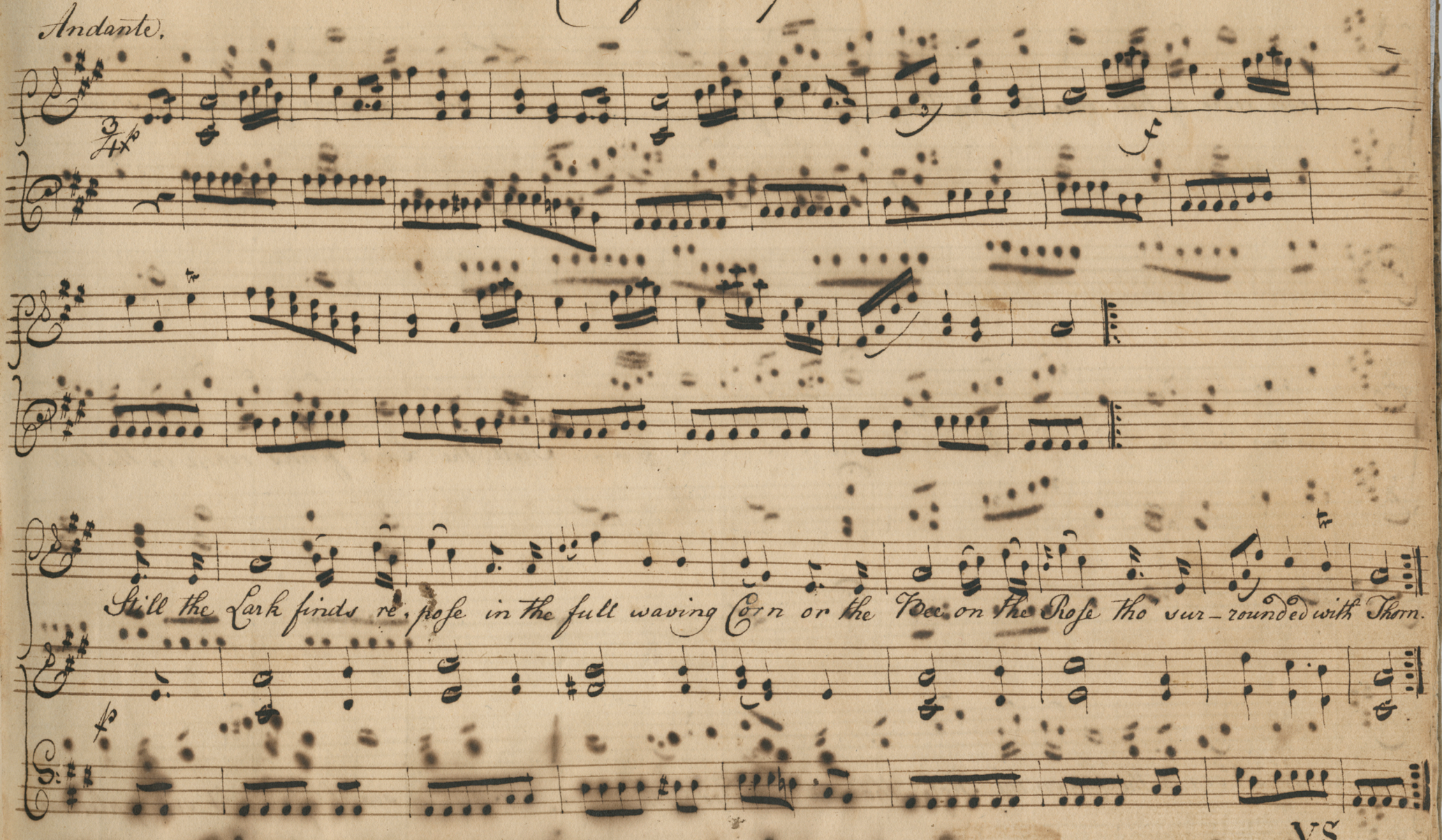
July 18th 1811

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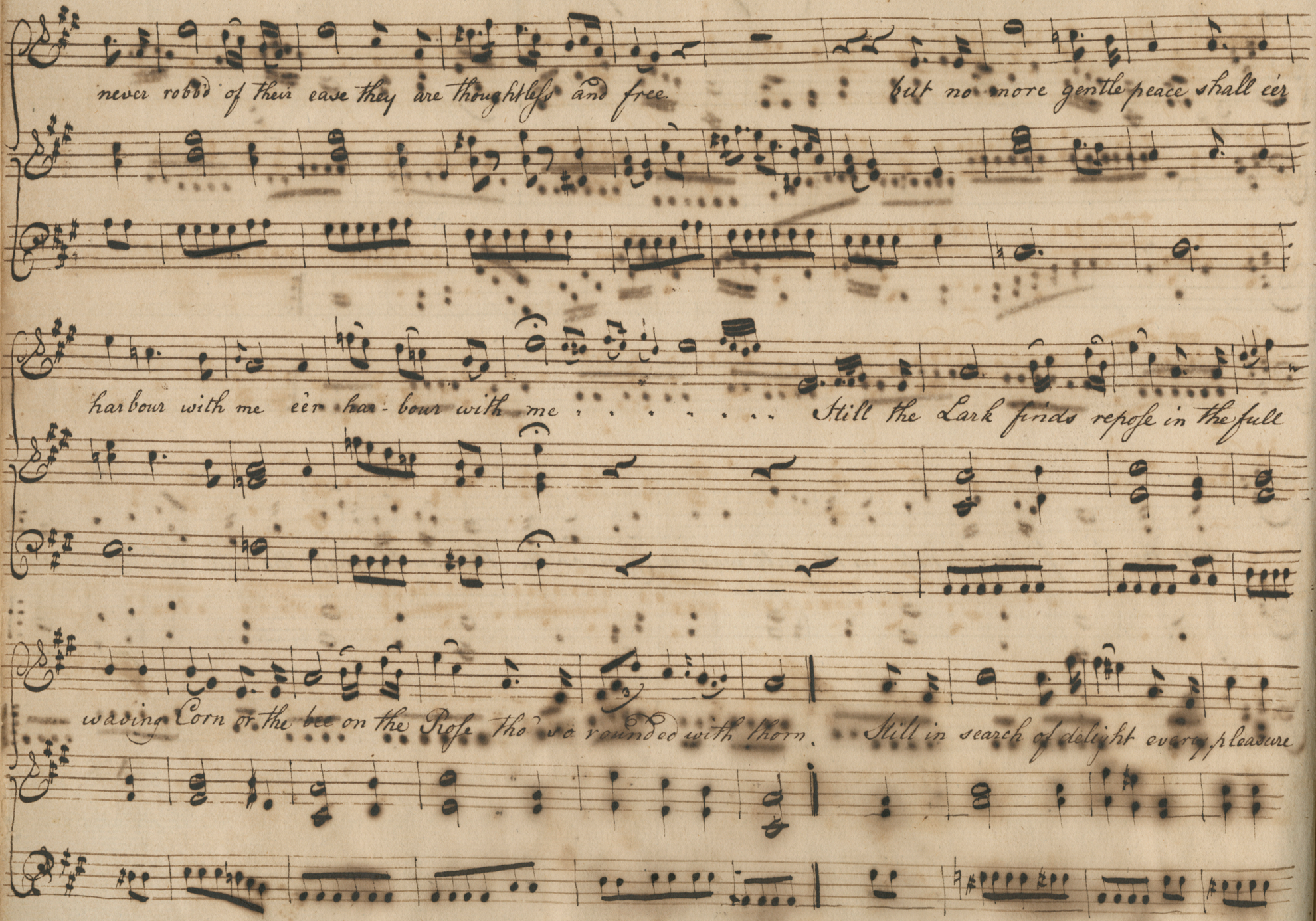
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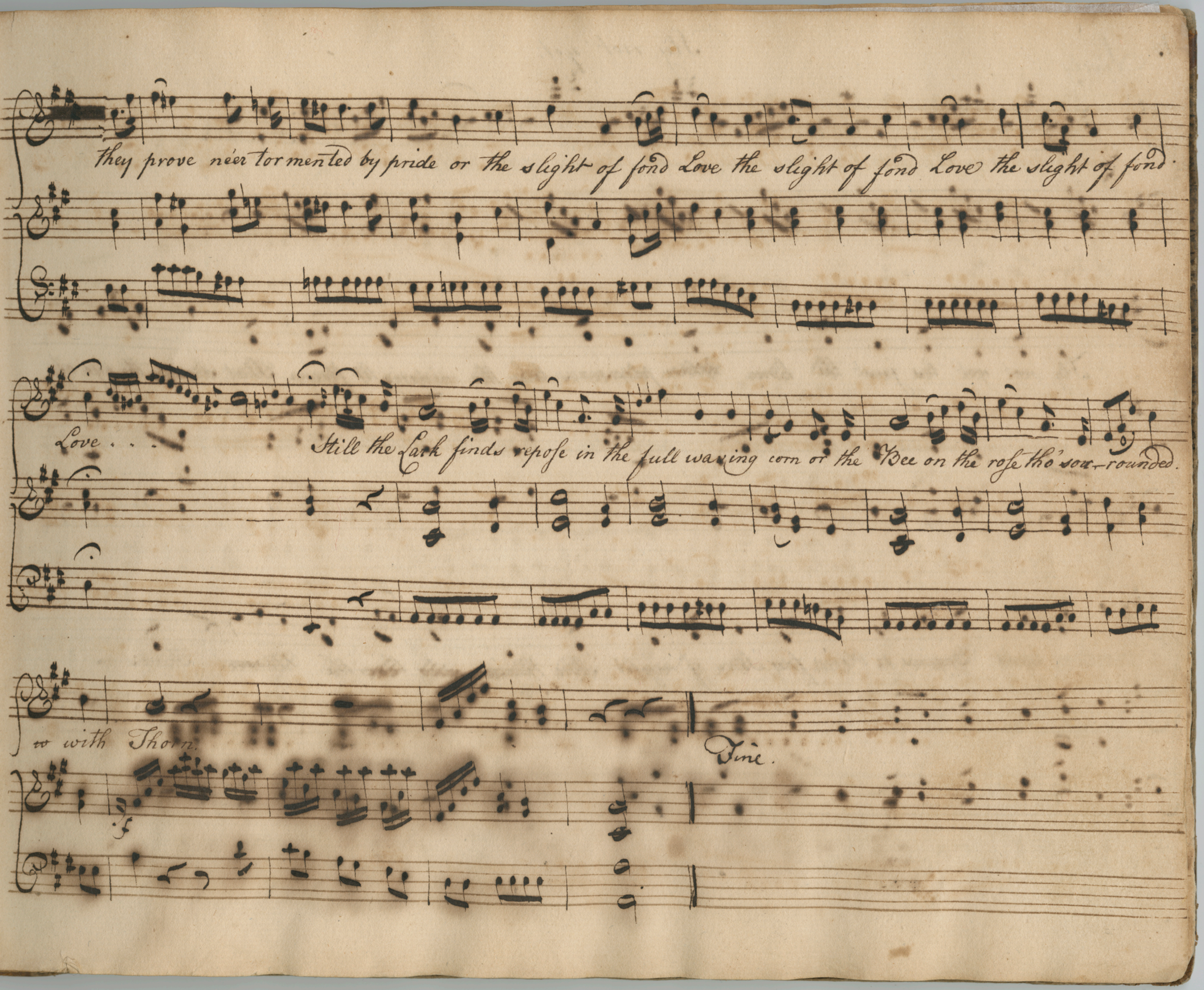
Still the Lark finds Repose.

Andante.



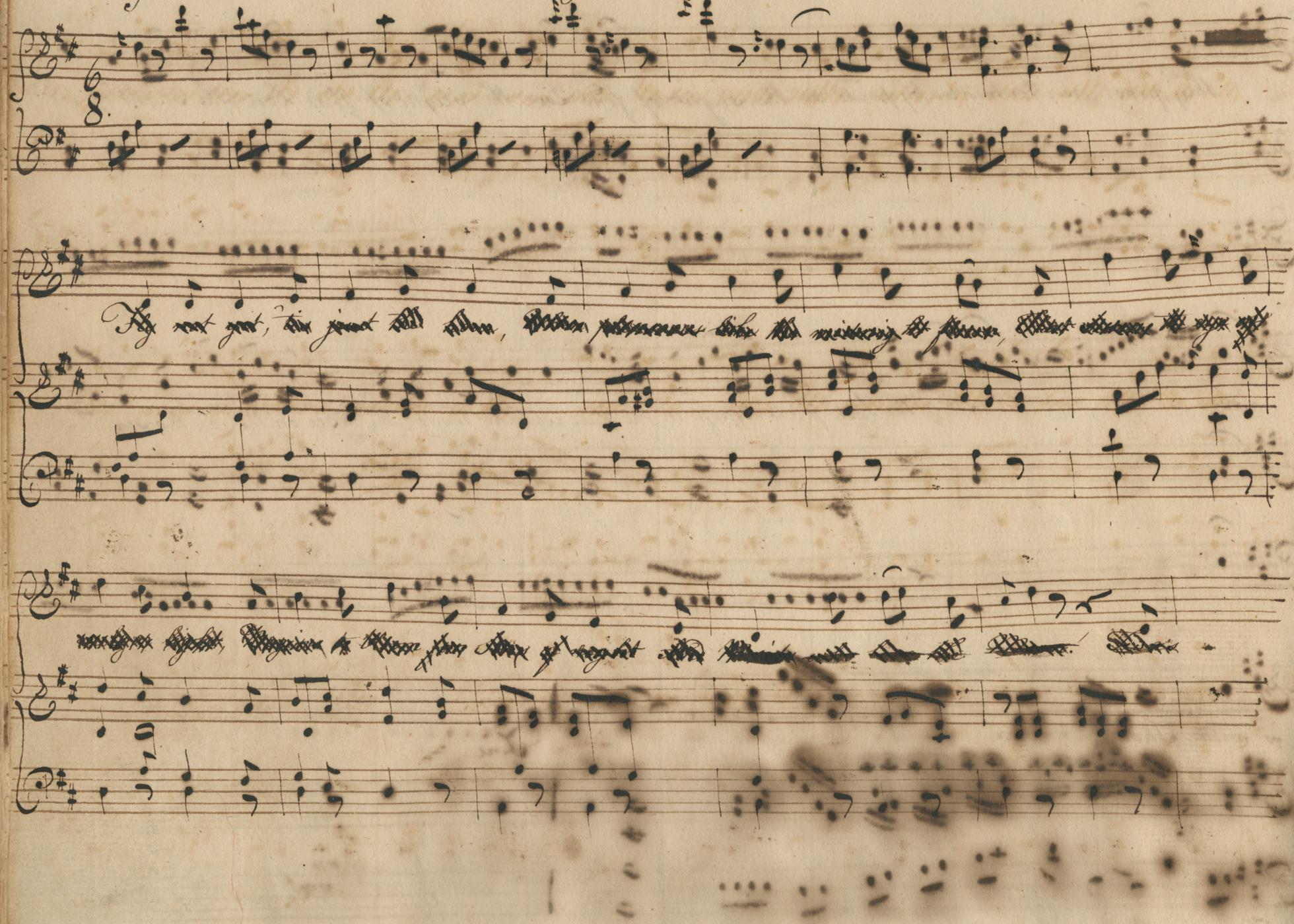
VS.

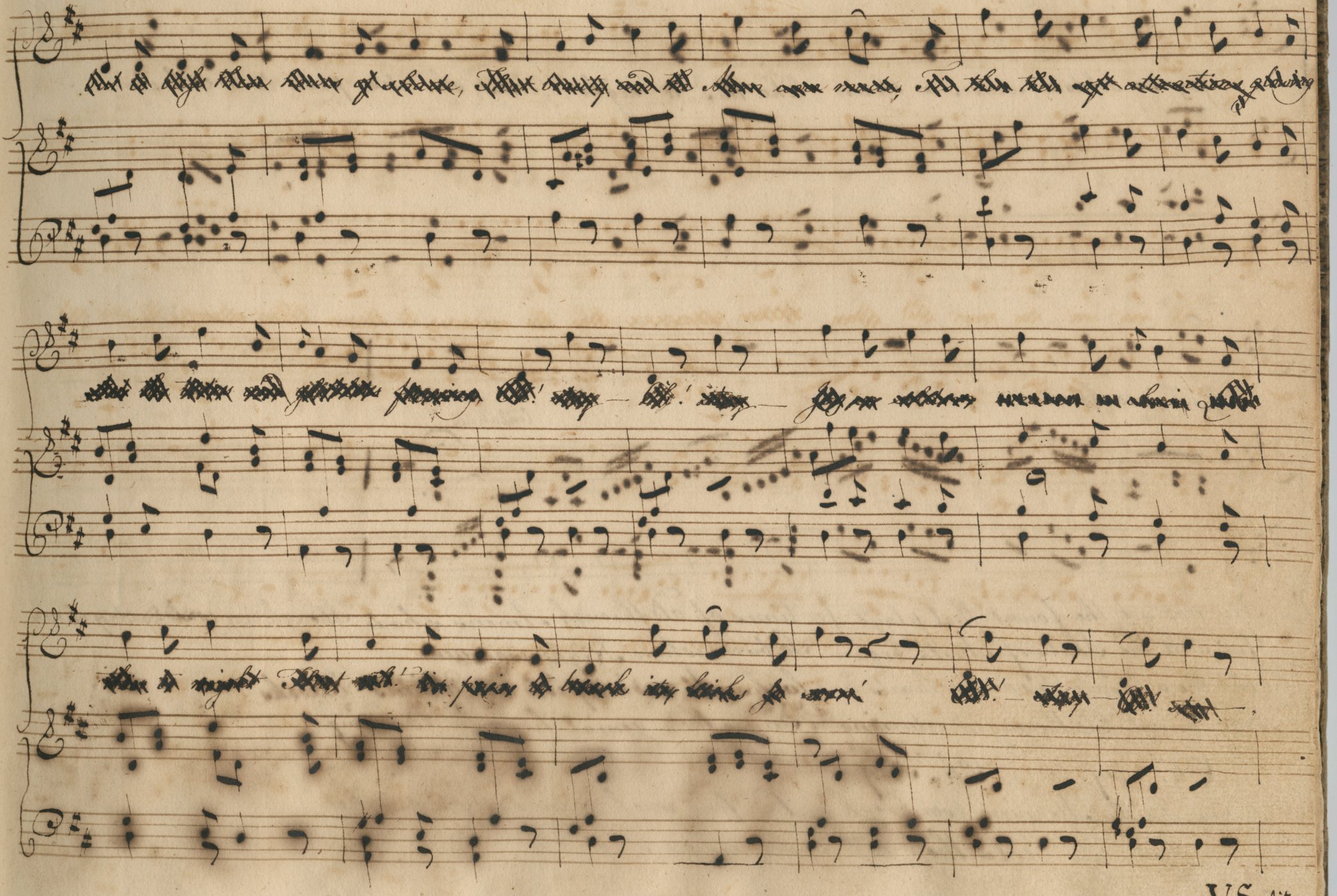

never robb'd of their ease they are thoughtless and free
but no more gentle peace shall eer
harbour with me eer har-bour with me
Still the Lark finds repose in the full
waving Corn or the bee on the Rose tho' so rounded with thorn.
Still in search of delight every pleasure


they prove neer tormented by pride or the slight of fond Love the slight of fond Love the slight of fond.
Love . . .
Still the Lark finds repose in the full waving corn or the Bee on the rose tho' sour-rounded.
w with Thorn.
Fine.
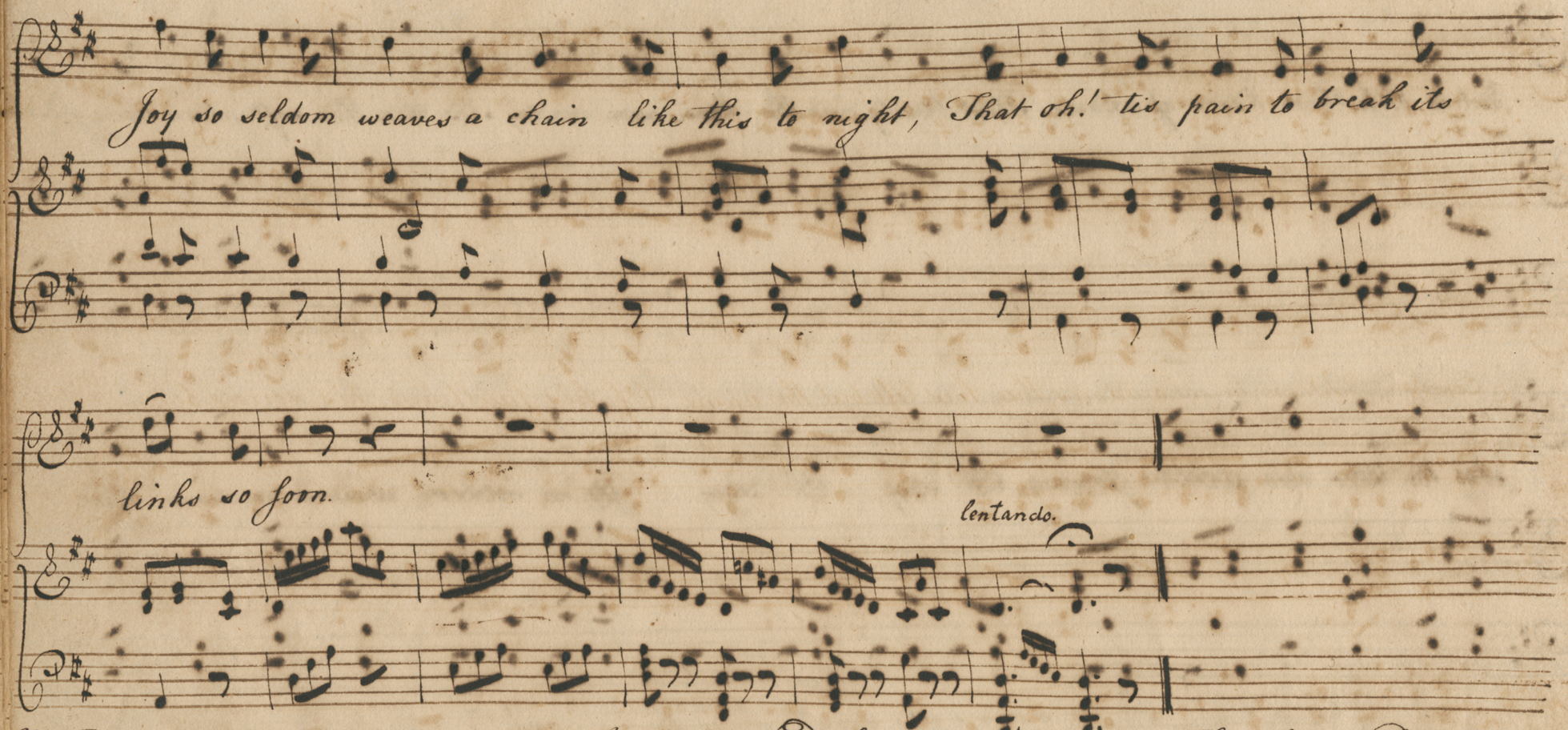
4. Lively

Sly not yet.





V Subito.



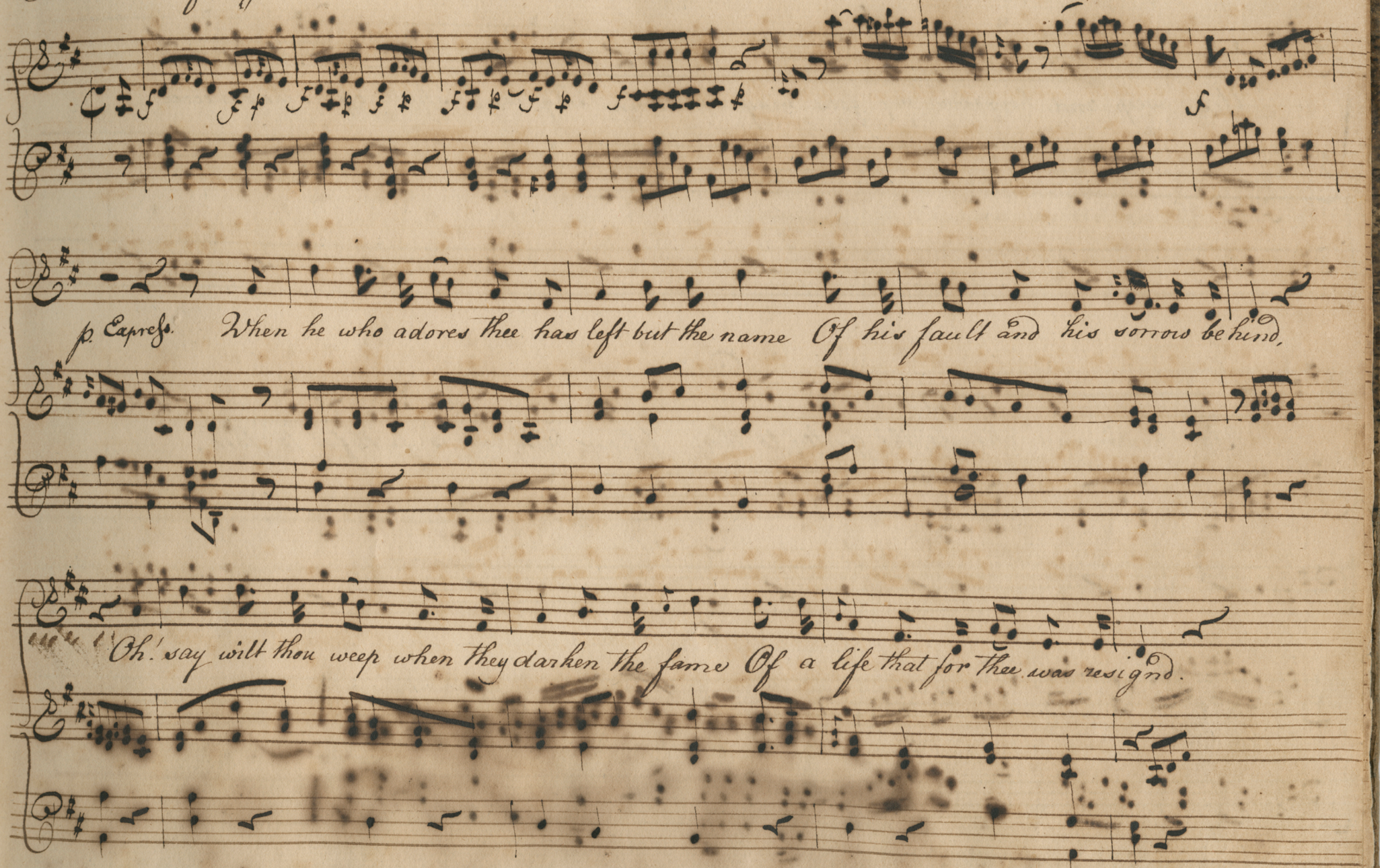
V2. Fly not yet the fount that play'd In times of old through Amons shade
Yet still the Souls of Mirth began To burn when Night was near
And thus should Womans hearts and looks At noon by cold as Winters
Nor kindle till the night returning Brings their genial hour for Burning

Oh! stay — Oh! stay —
When did the Morning ever break And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

Fine.

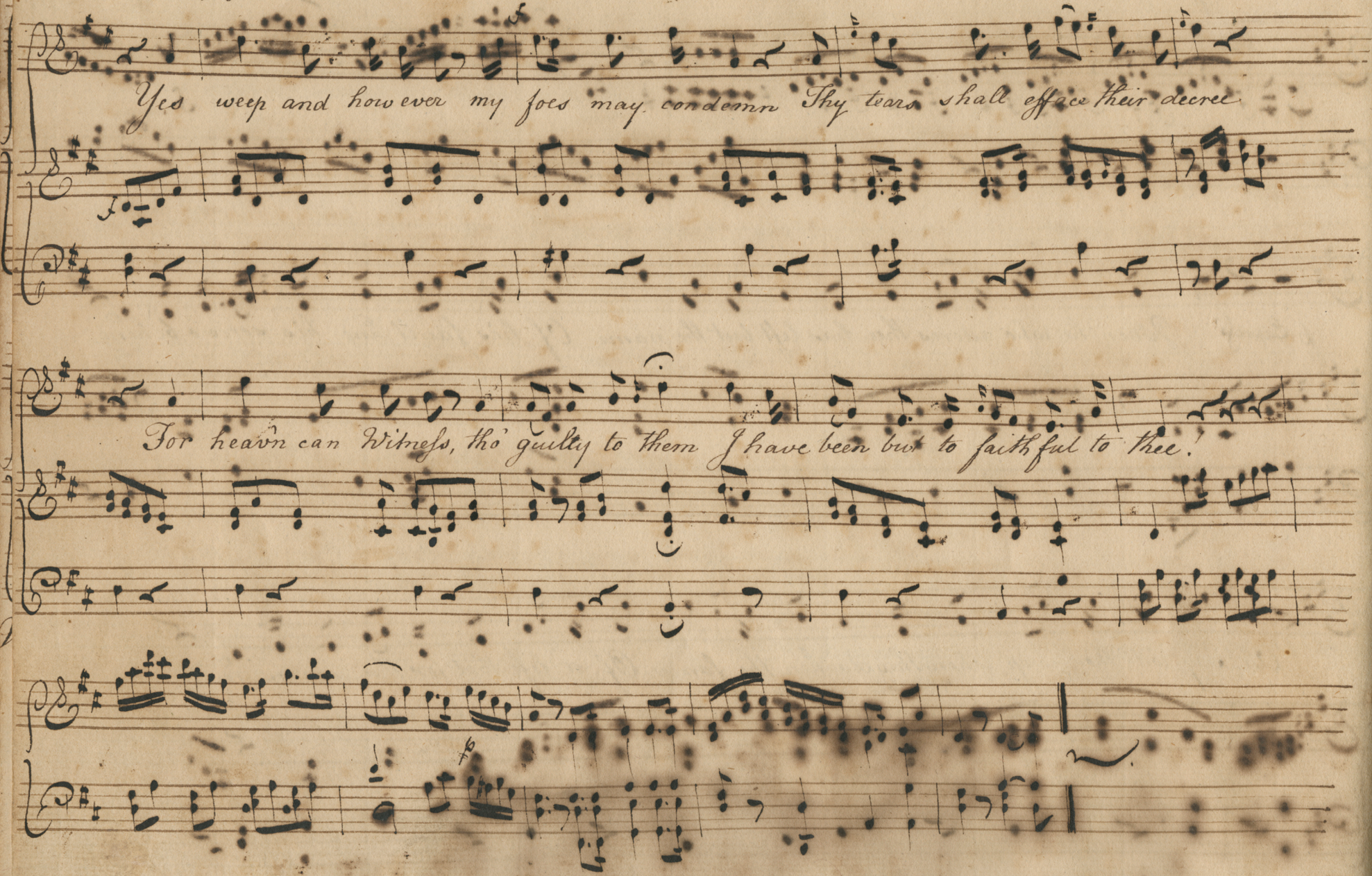
When he who adores thee

Slow and with feeling
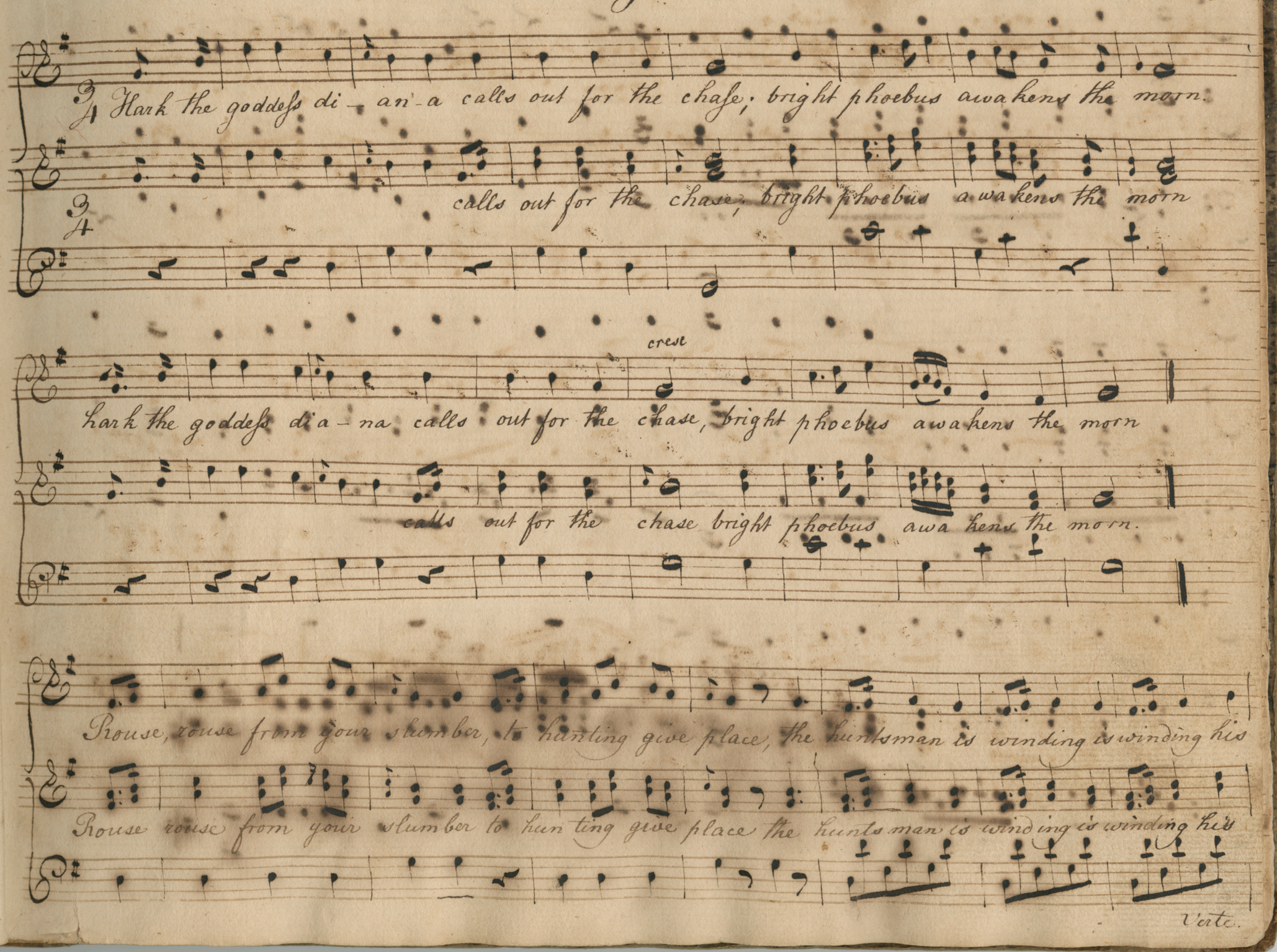


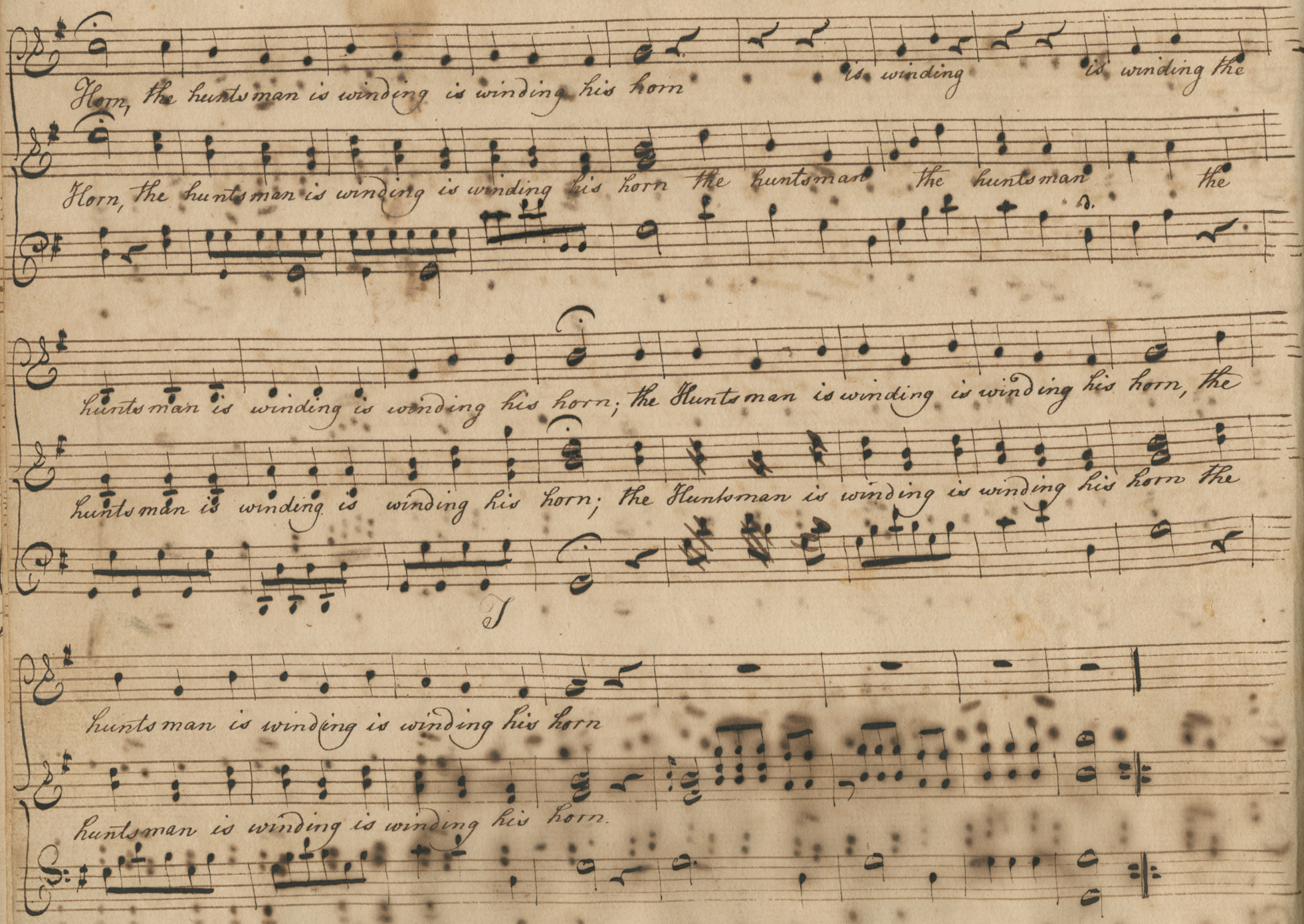
VS.

Expres


Yes weep and however my foes may condemn Thy tears shall efface their decree
For heavn can Witness, tho' guilty to them I have been but to faithful to thee.

Hark the Goddess Diana



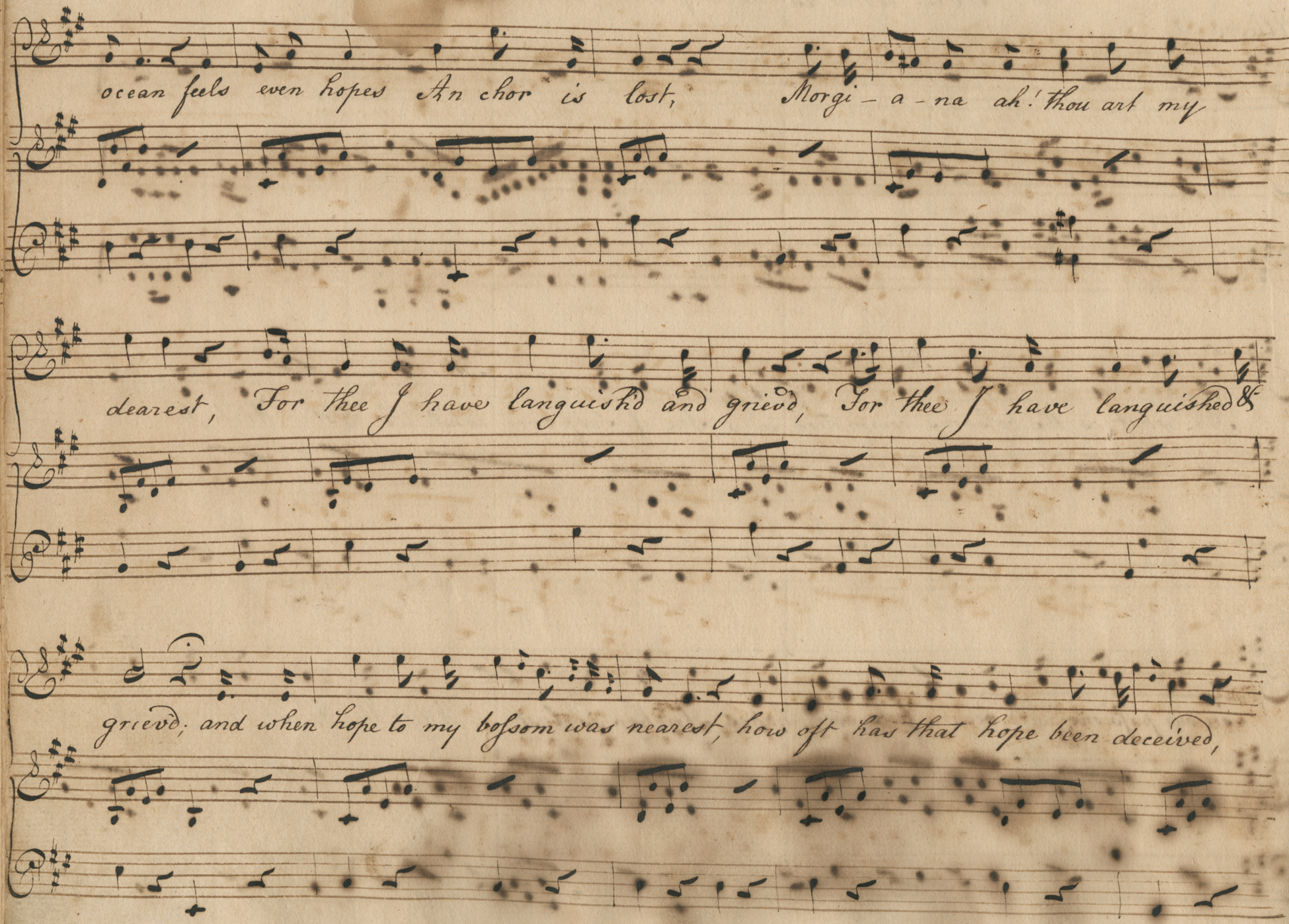

Horn, the huntsman is winding is winding his horn
is winding
is winding the
Horn, the huntsman is winding is winding his horn the huntsman the huntsman the
D.
huntsman is winding is winding his horn; the Huntsman is winding is winding his horn, the
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huntsman is winding is winding his horn
huntsman is winding is winding his horn.

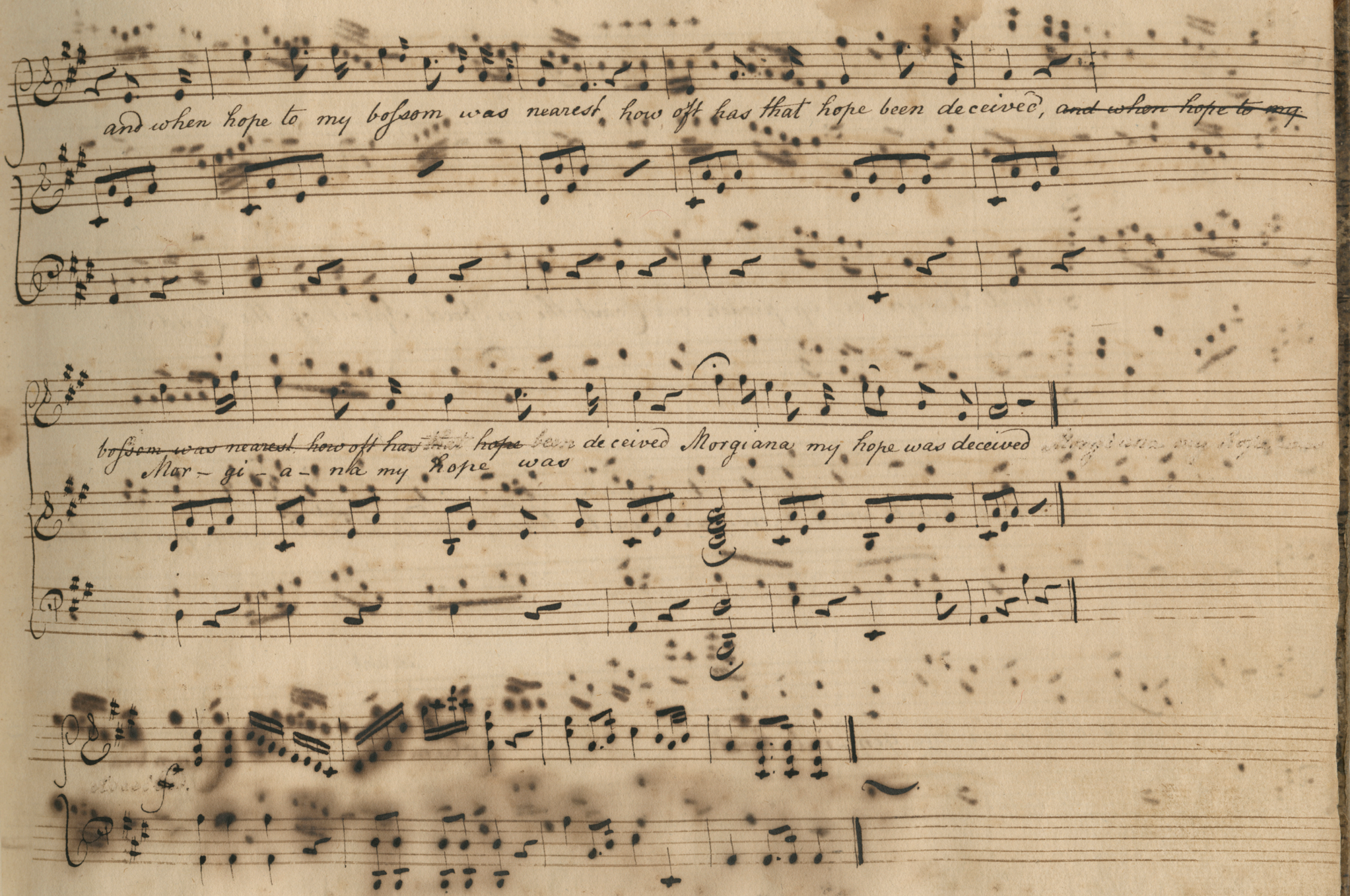
Ah! what is the bosom's commotion

Allegro.

Ah what is the bosom's commotion, in a Sea of Suspence while 'tis, tost While the Heart.

in our pasion's wild ocean, feels even hopes Anchor is lost. While the Heart in our pasions wild.

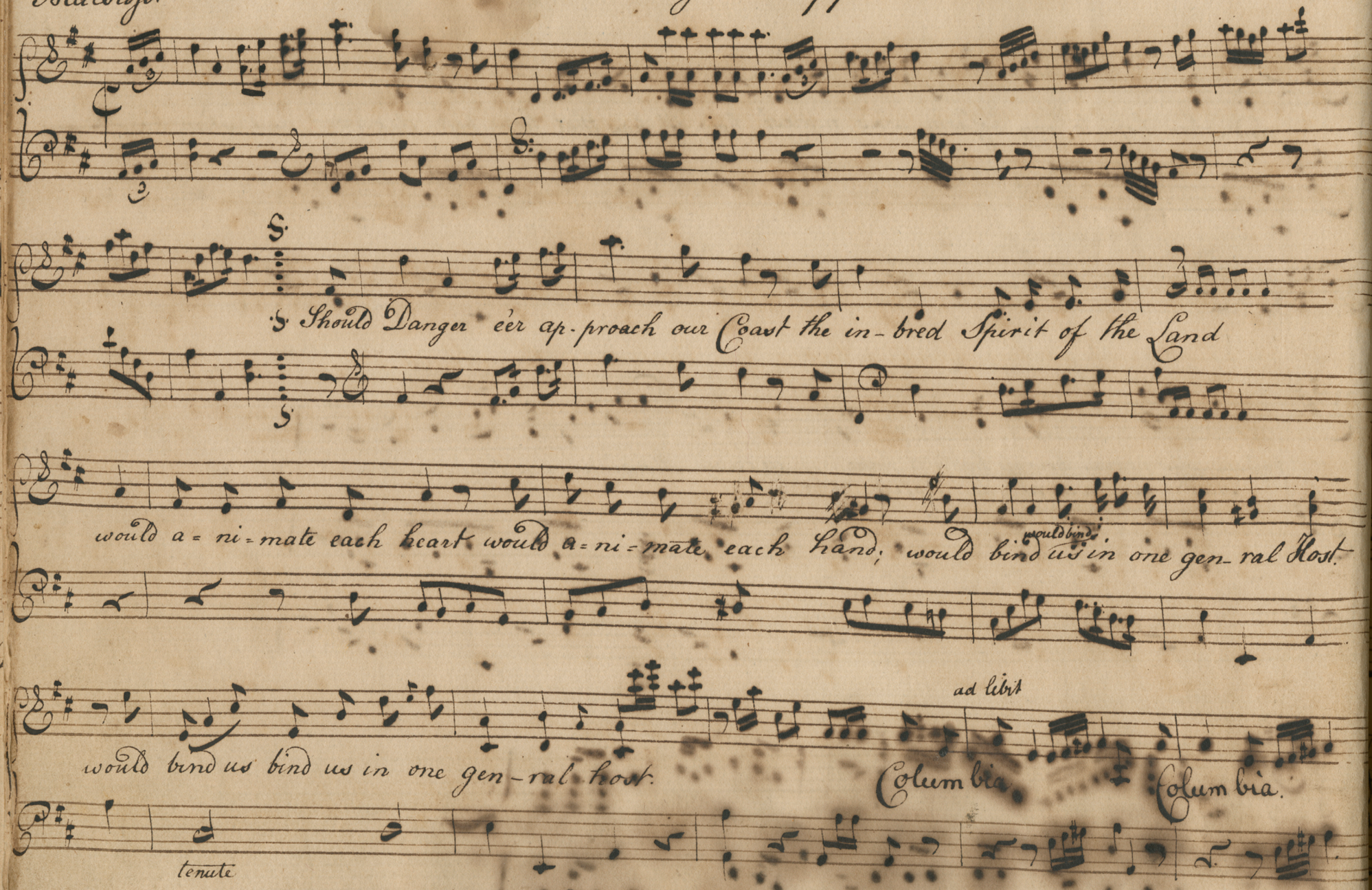

ocean feels even hopes An chor is lost, Morgi – a – na ah! thou art my
dearest, For thee I have languish'd and griev'd, For thee I have languished &
griev'd, and when hope to my bosom was nearest, how oft has that hope been deceived,


and when hope to my bosom was nearest how oft has that hope been deceived, ~~and when hope to my~~
~~bosom was nearest how oft has that hope~~ been deceived Morgiana my hope was deceived
Mor – gi – a – na my Hope was

14.

Maestoso.

Should Danger e'er approach our Coast.



a tempo

Columbia a World within itself shall reign safe in her floating Tow'rs her Castles

on the Main safe in her floating tow'rs her Castles on the Main, ... Columbia a

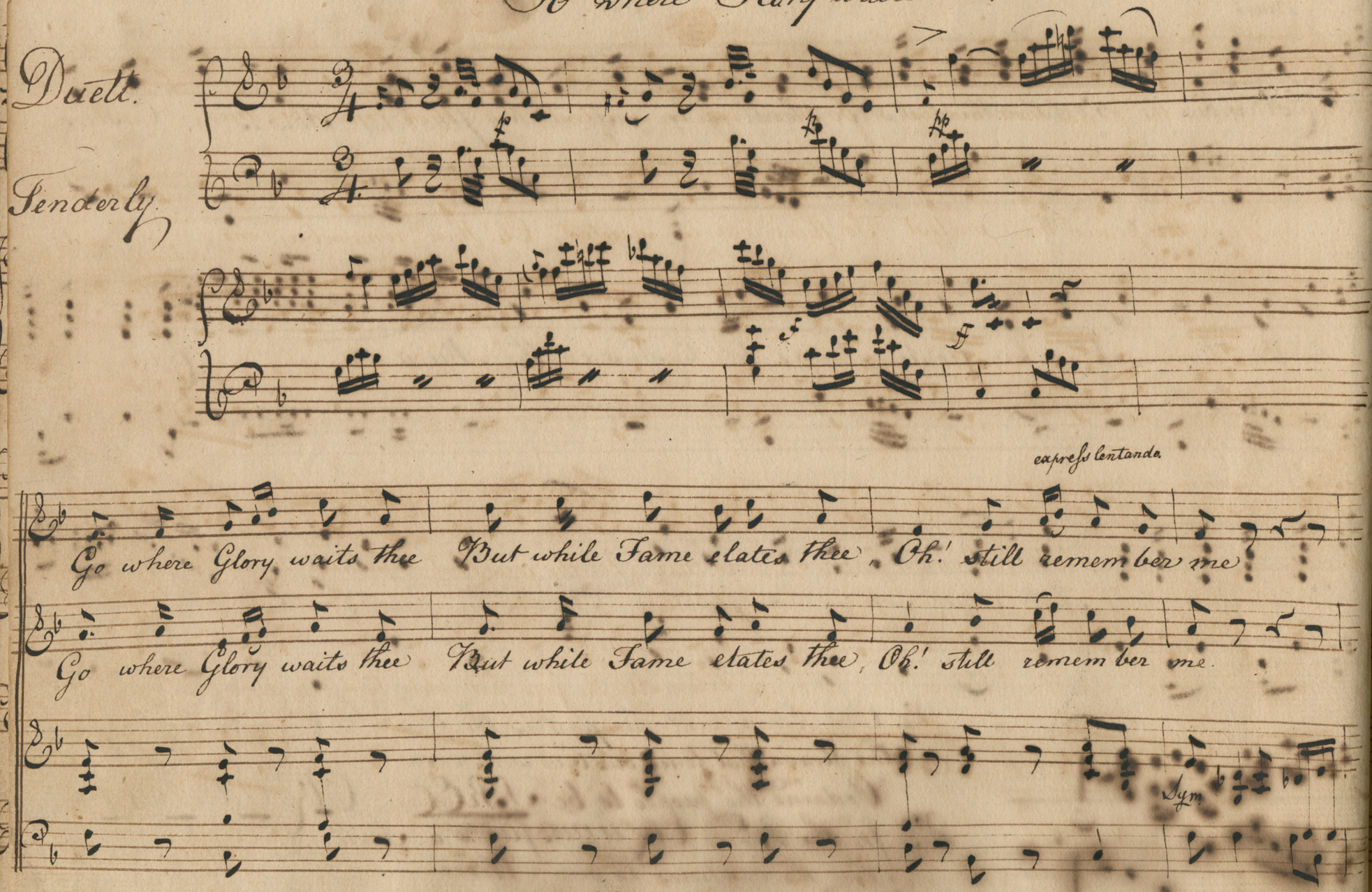
World within itself shall reign safe in her floating Tow'rs her Castles on the Main

V2. Our Land best rampart is the Sea, The midnight mark of foes ill braves
And Heav'n that fenc'd our land with waves
Ordaind the people to be FREE. COLUMBIA &ca
V3. In the World COLUMBIA is a Spell
And he ventures to our Shore
With hostile aim — shall never more
Return of Victory to tell.
COLUMBIA &c

Go where Glory waits thee.

Duett.

Tenderly.



expreſs lentando

When the praiſe thou meetest, To thine ear is ſweetest, Oh! then remember me
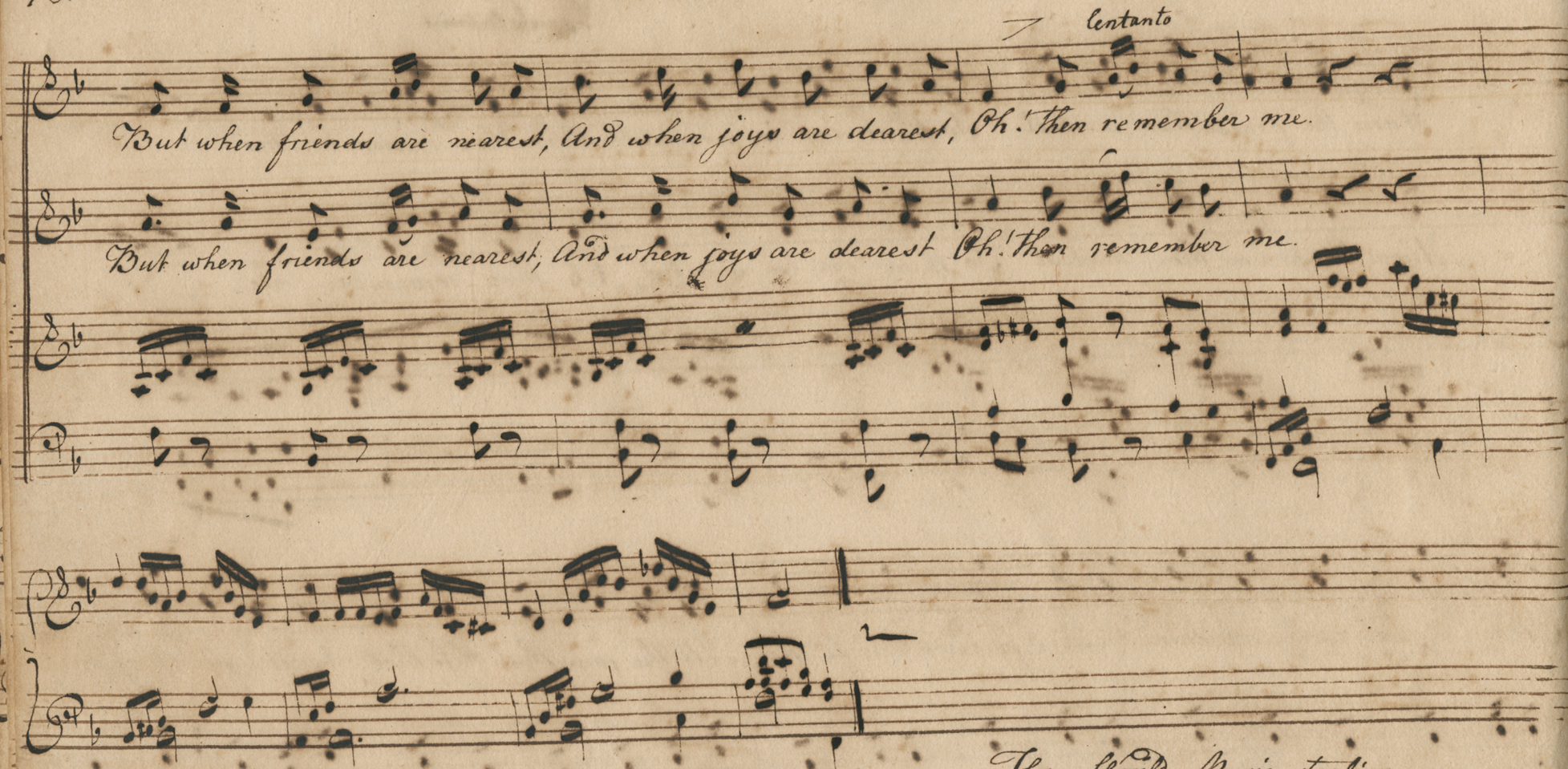
When the praiſe thou meetest To thine ear is ſweetest, Oh! then remember me

a Tempo.

Other arms may preſs thee, Dearer friends careſs thee All the joys that bleſs thee Sweeter far may be

Other arms may preſs thee Dearer friends careſs thee All the joys that bleſs thee Sweeter far may be.

Verte cito.

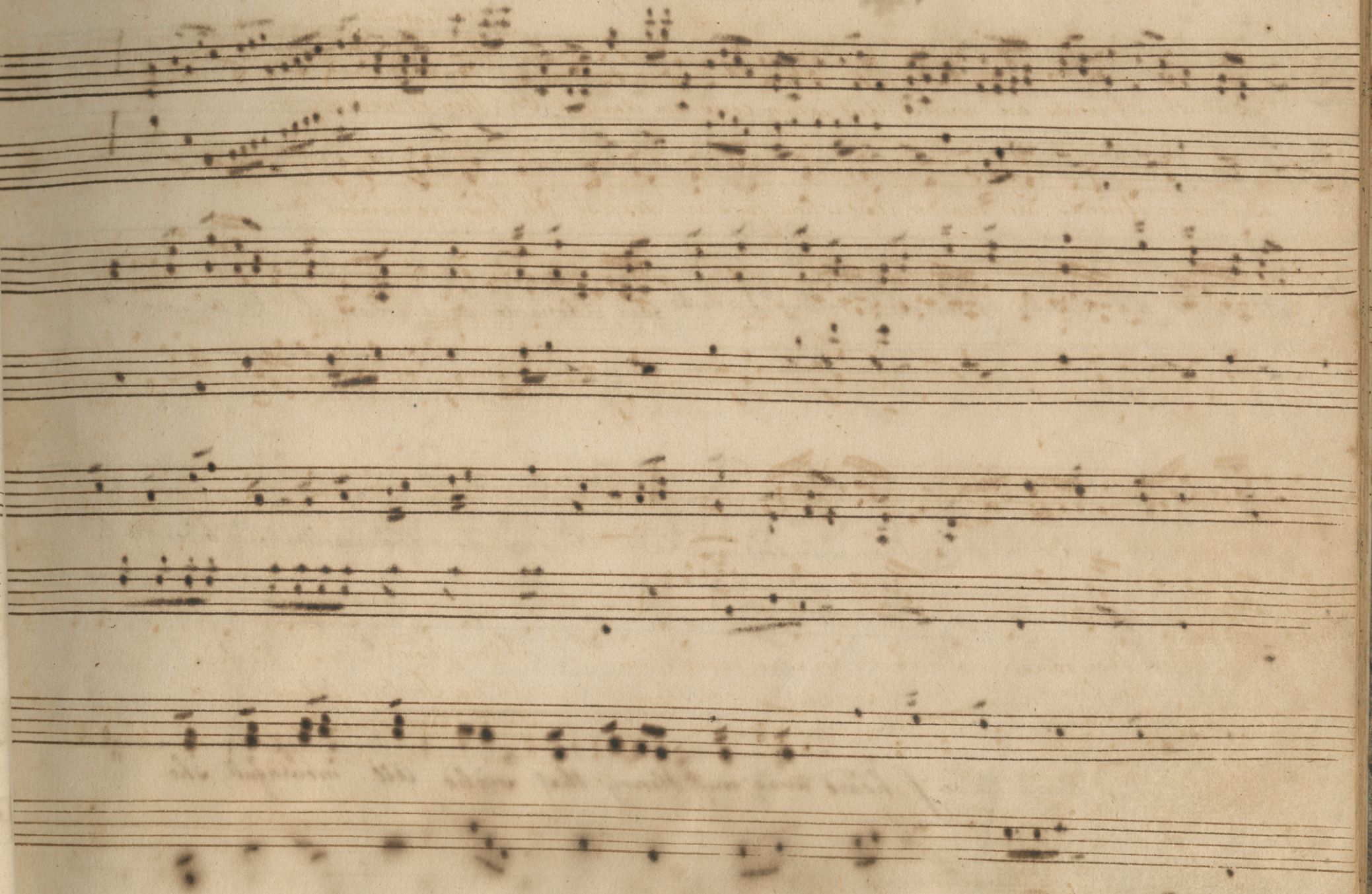


V.2. When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh then remember me,
Think when home returning
Bright weve seen it burning
Oh! thus remember me
Oft as Sumer closes
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses
Once so lovid by thee.

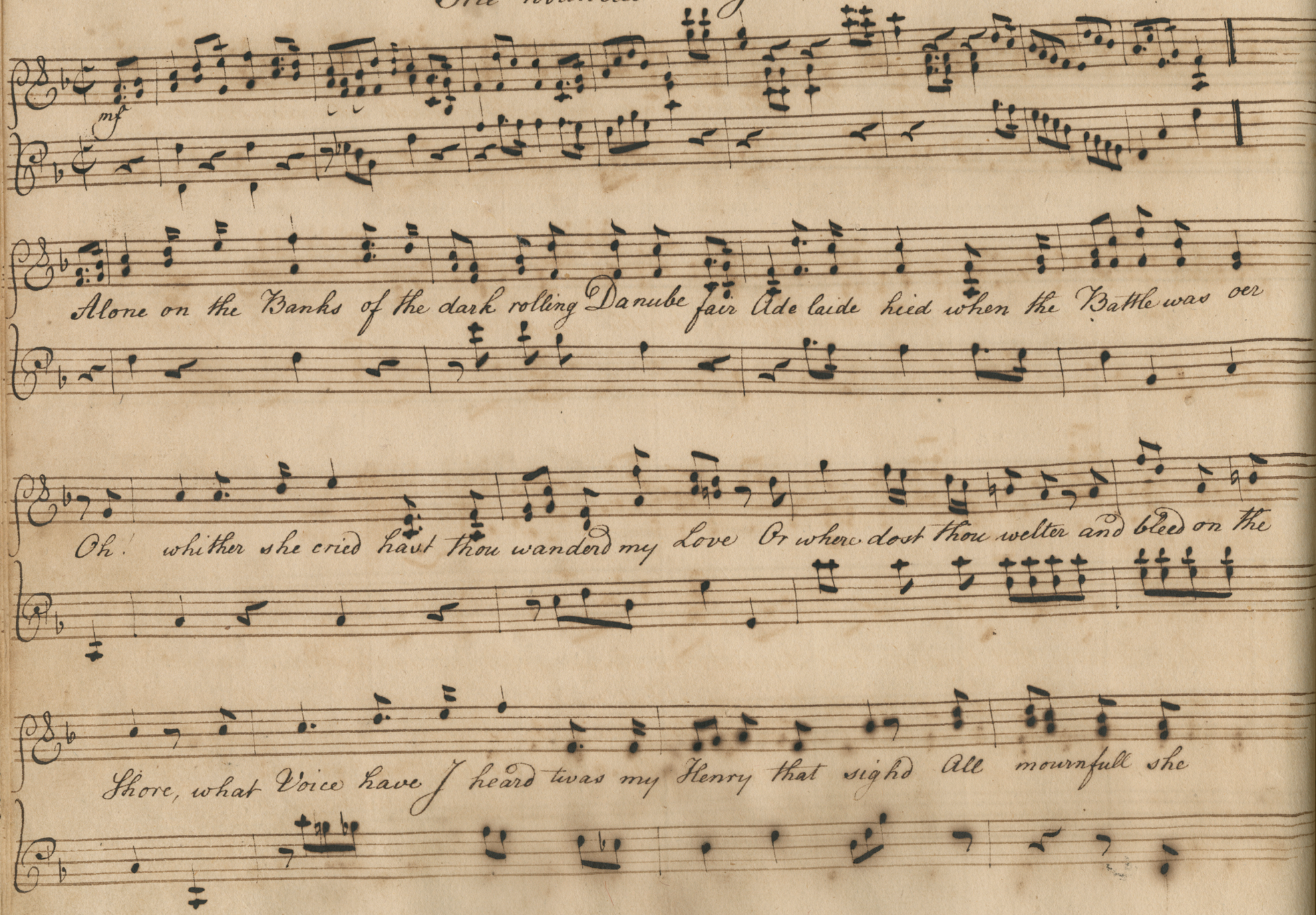
Think on her who wove them
Her who made the love them
Oh! then remember me
V.2.
When around thee dying
Autumn leaves are lying
Oh! then remember me
And at Night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing
O still remember me.
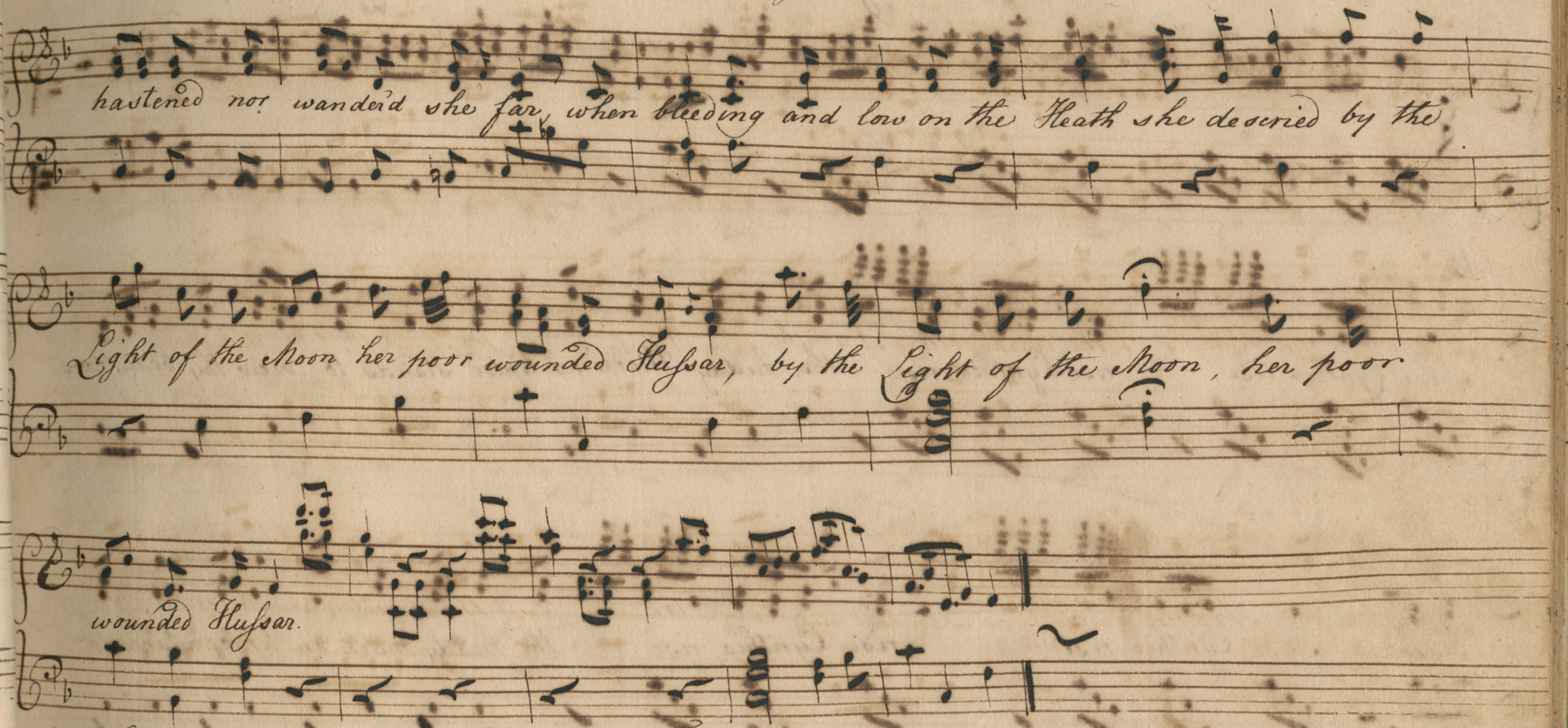
Then should Music stealing
: All the Soul of feeling
To thy heart appealing
Draw one tear from thee
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee
Oh! then remember me

Fine.



The wounded Hussar.





V. 2 From his Bosom that heav'd the last Turrent was streaming And pale was his Visage deep mark'd with a Scar
And dim was that eye once expressively beaming That melted in Love and that kindled in War.
"How smit was fair Adelaides Heart at the Sight, How bitter she wept o'er the victim of War,"
"Hast thou come? my fond love this last sorrowful Night. To cheer the lone heart of your Wounded Hussar."

3) Thou shalt live! (she reply'd heav'n mercy relieving Each anguishing Wound shall forbid me to morn
Ah! no, the last pang in my Bosom is heaving No light of the morn shall to Henry return
Thou charmer of life ever tender and true Ye babes of my Love that await me afar
His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur adieu! When he sunk in her Arms the poor wounded
Hussar.

Rise Cynthia rise.

bis

pp

Rise Cynthia rise, rise Cynthia rise the ruddy Morn on tiptoe stands to view thy beauteous

Face. Rise Cynthia rise rise Cynthia rise the ruddy morn on tiptoe stands to

View thy beauteous Face Phoebus by fleetest Coursers born Phoebus by fleetest Courses born sees.

1.st time 2.d time

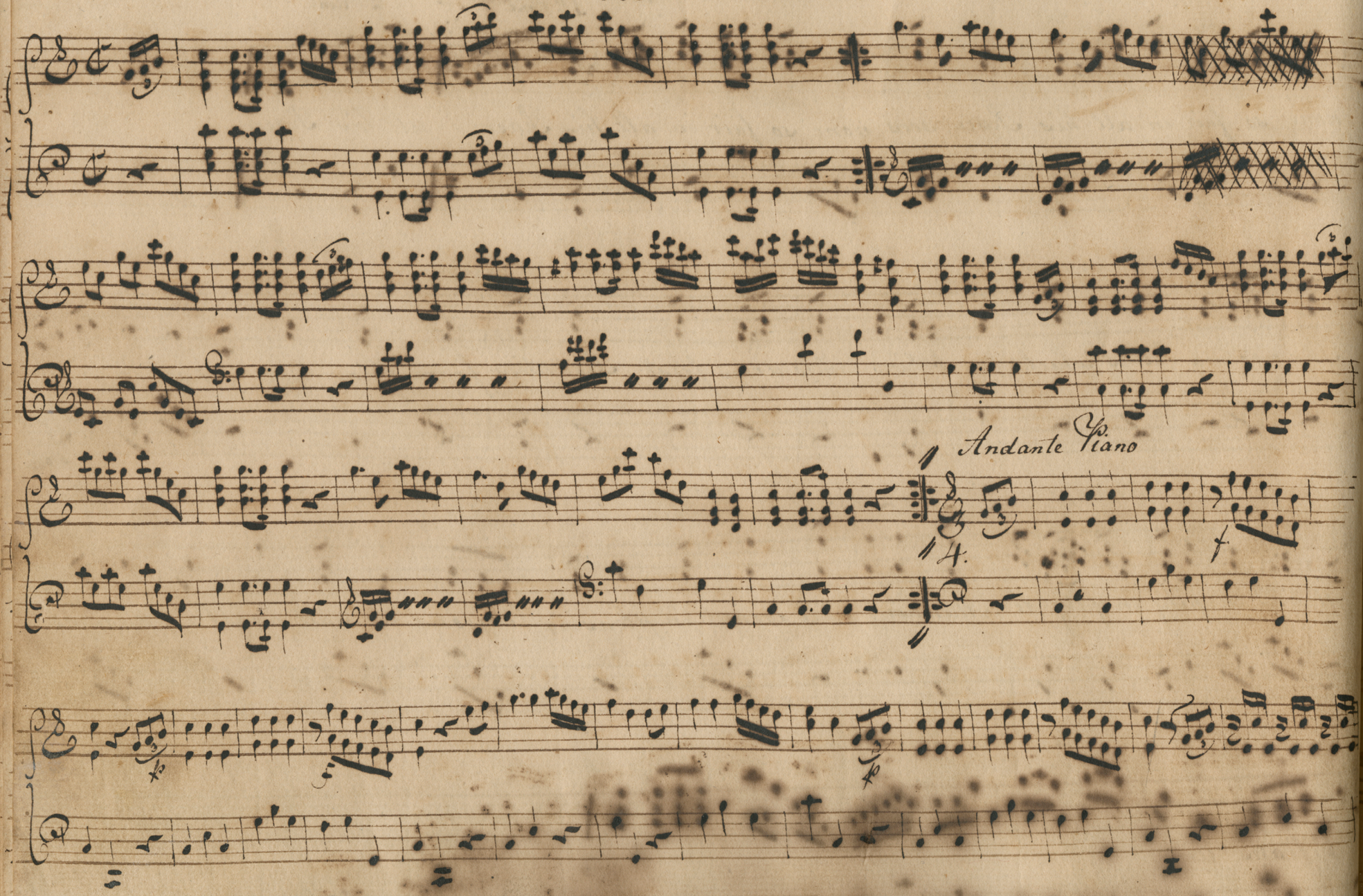
none so fair in all his Race, sees none so fair in all his Race all his Race
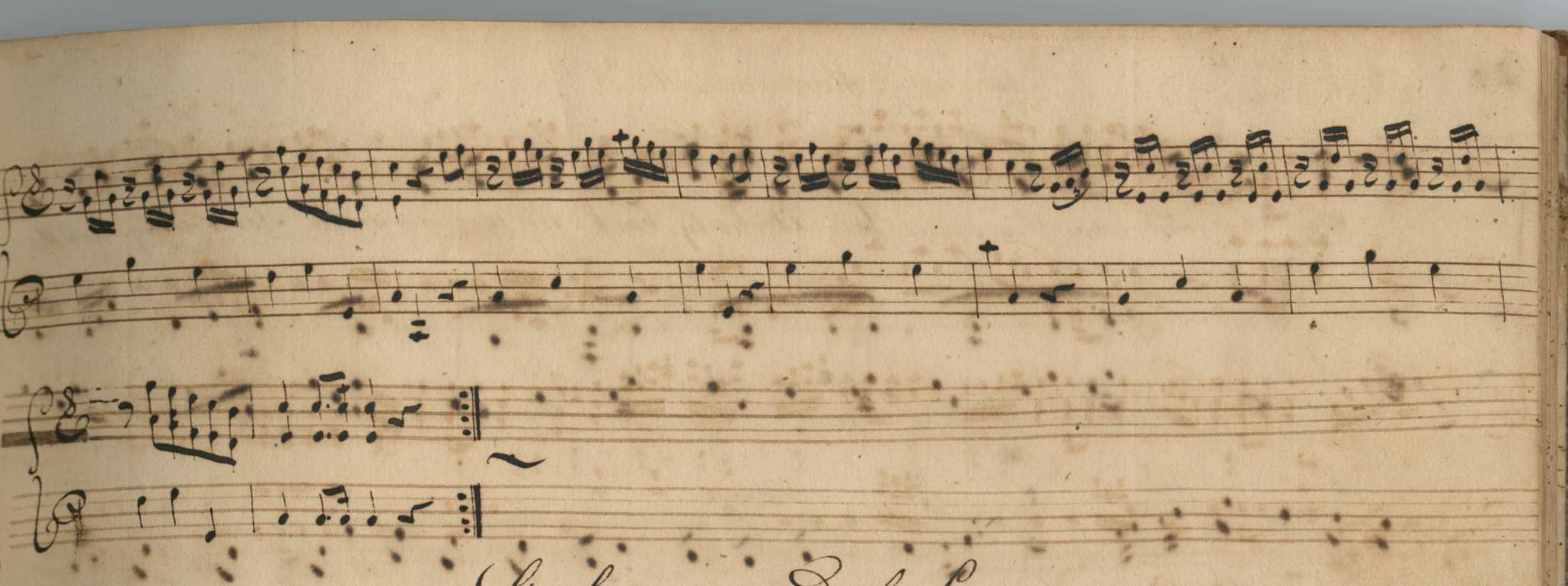
The circling Hours which lay behind would draw fresh Beauties from thine Eye, yet ah in pity

yet ah! in pity in pity to Mankind still wrapt in pleasing Visions lie still wrapt in pleasing

Visions lie.

General Moreaus March.





St. Senanus and the Lady.

Moderate Time

Staccato

cresc

cresc

Vorte. cito

St. Senanus.

p

Oh. haste and leave this sacred Isle Unholy bark ere morning smile For on thy deck tho

fp Cres. f lentando.

dark it be, A Female Form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by

fp

womans Feet be trod.

The Lady.

Oh! Father send not hence my bark, Thro' wintry winds & o'er billows dark, I come with

humble heart to share, Thy morn and evening prayr. Nor mine the Feet oh! holy.

Saint, The brightness of thy sod to taint.

Verte cite.

Trio.

The Lady's pray'r Se-na-nus spurn'd, The wind blew fresh and the bark re=

The Ladys. pray'r Se=na=nus spurn'd The wind blew fresh and the bark re=

The Ladys. pray'r Se=na=nus spurn'd The wind blew fresh and the bark re=

turn'd, But legends hint, that had the maid Till mornings light— de=

turn'd But legends hint that had the maid Till mornings light = de.

turn'd But legends hint that had the maid Till mornings light de=

lentando. p

layd And givn the saint one rosy smile She neer had left his lone ly Isle.

layd And givn the saint one rosy smile She neer had left his lone-ly Isle
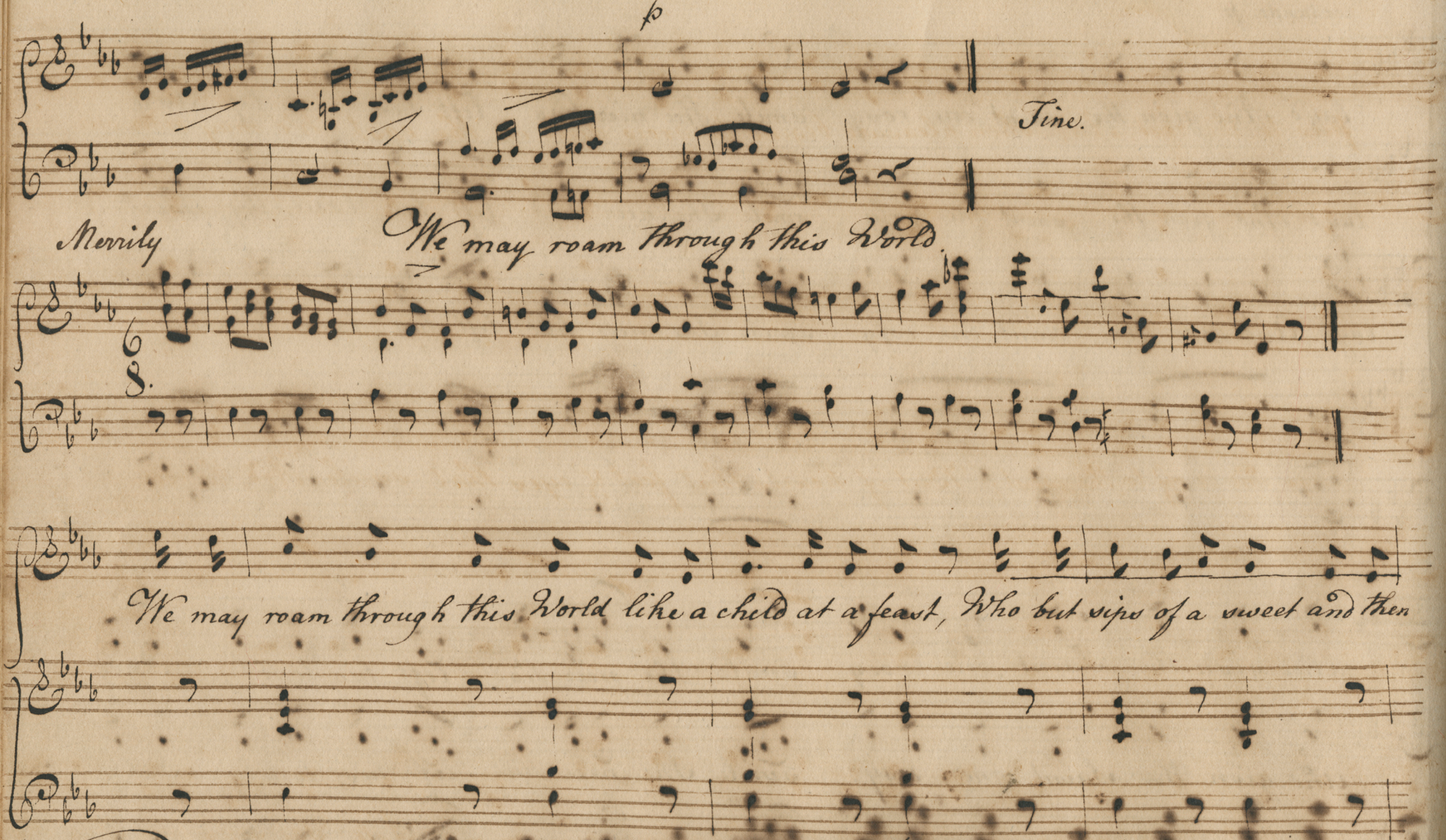
layd And givn the saint one rosy smile She neer had left his lone ly Isle.

And givn the Saint one rosy smile, She neer had left his lone ly. Isle.

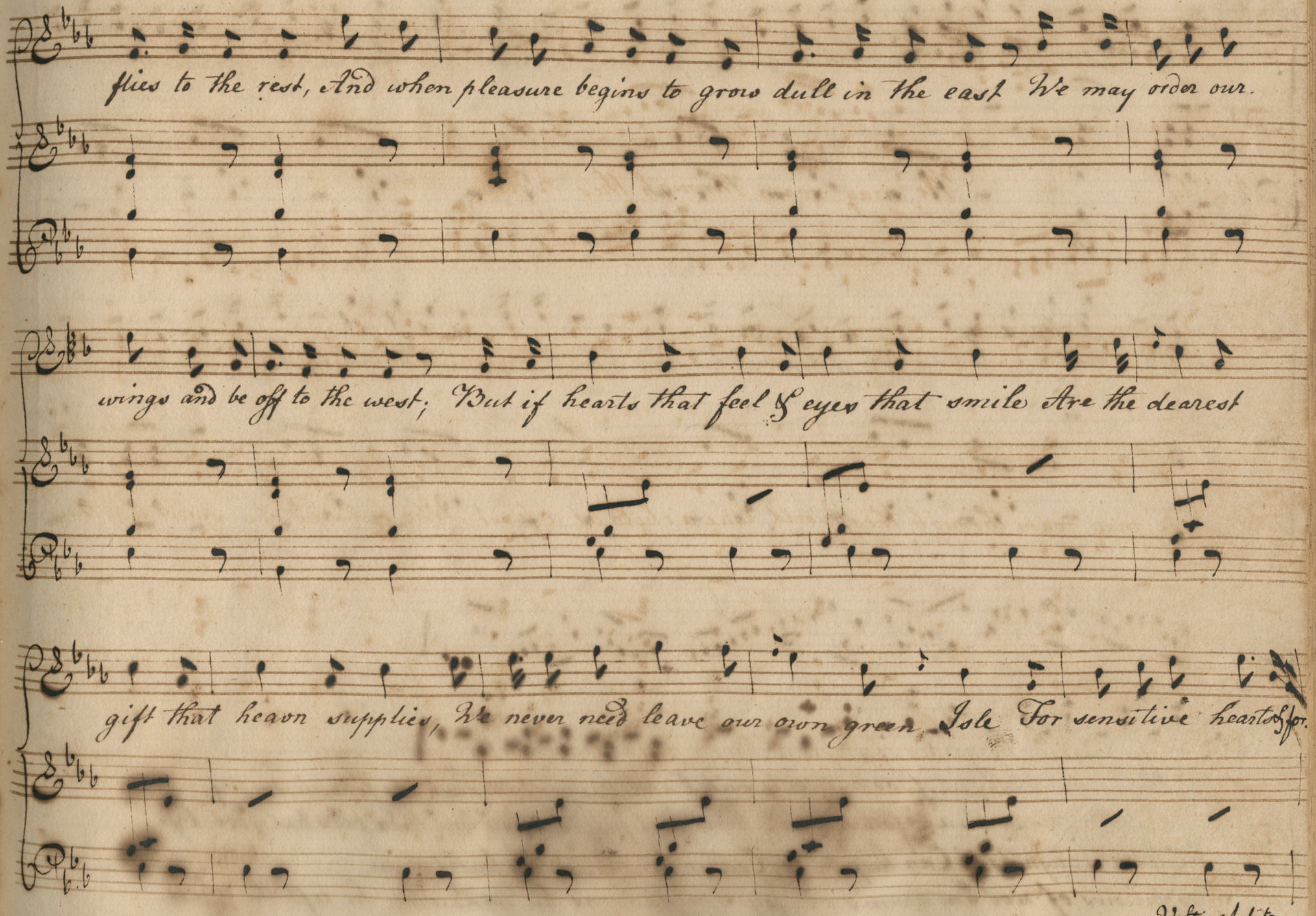
And givn the Saint one rosy smile She neer had left his lonely Isle

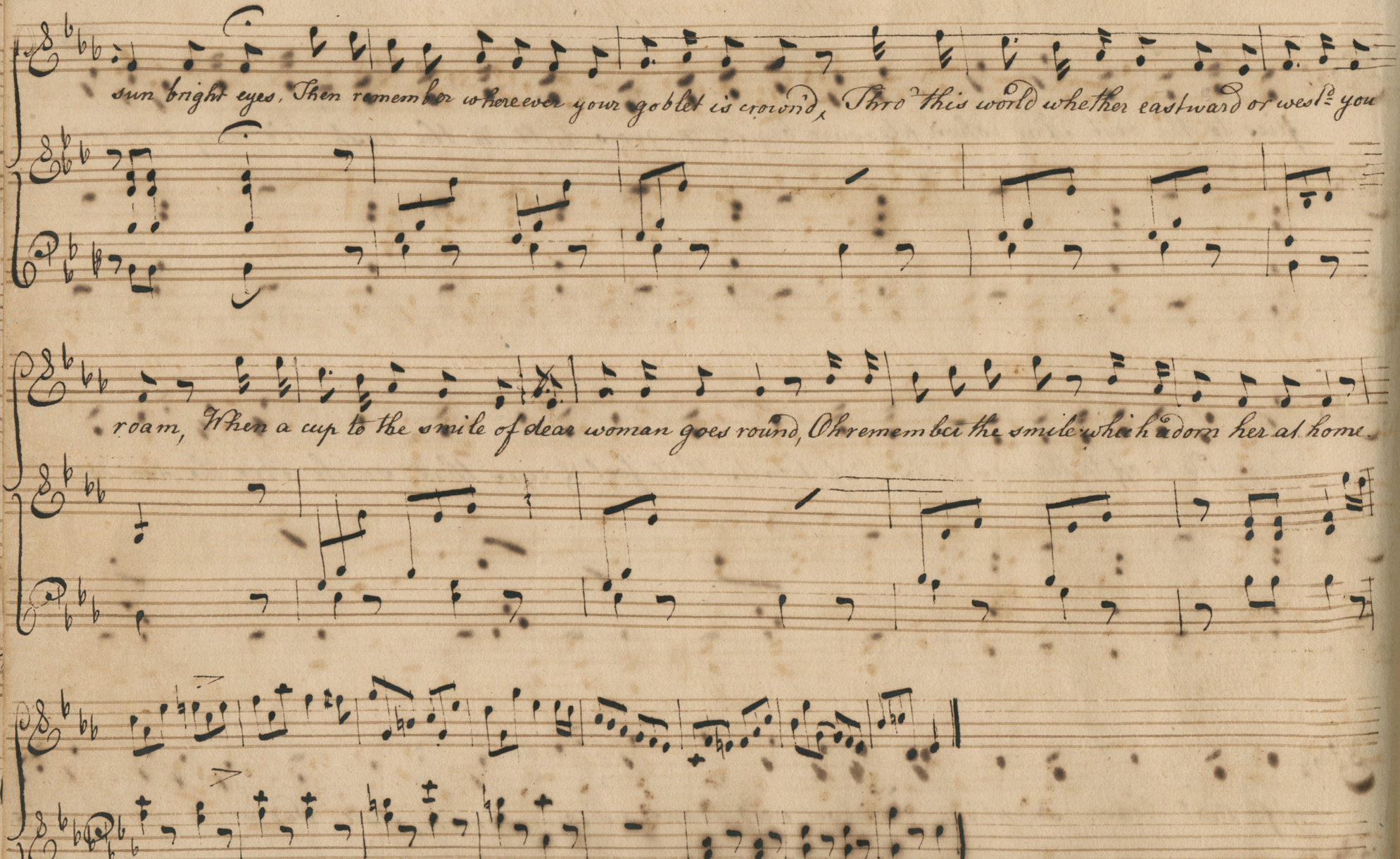
And givn the Saint one rosy smile She neer had left his lonely Isle.

VS.



V. 2. In England the garden of beauty is kept By a dragon of prudery placd within call
But so oft this unamible dragon has slept That the garden's but carelessly watchd after all.
Oh they want the wild sweetbriery fence Which round the flowers of Erin dwells
Which warns the touch while winning the sence Nor charms us at least when it most Repels.
Then remember.

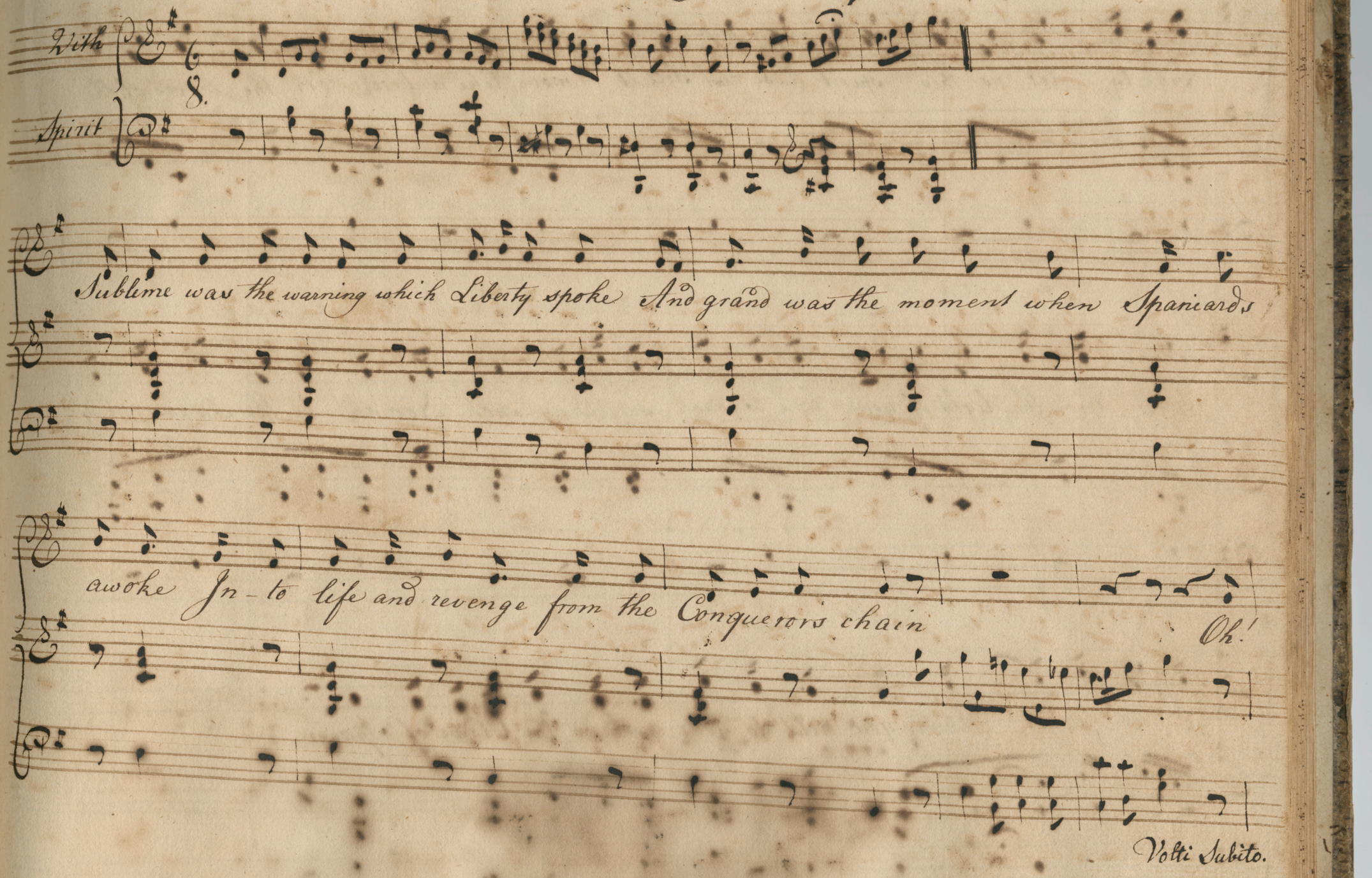

flies to the rest, And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east We may order our
wings and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel & eyes that smile Are the dearest
gift that heavn supplies, We never need leave our own green Isle For sensitive hearts &
Volti Subito

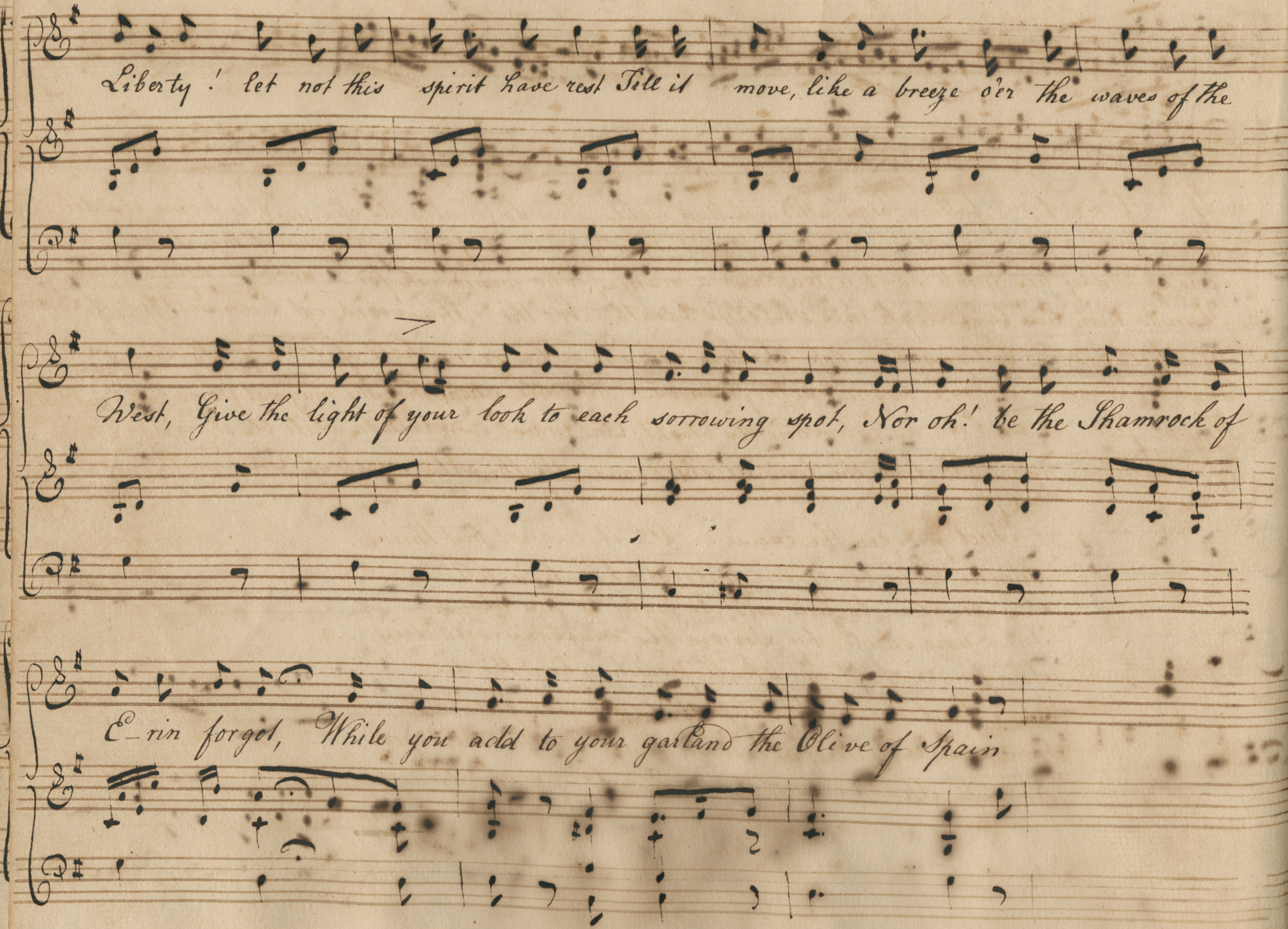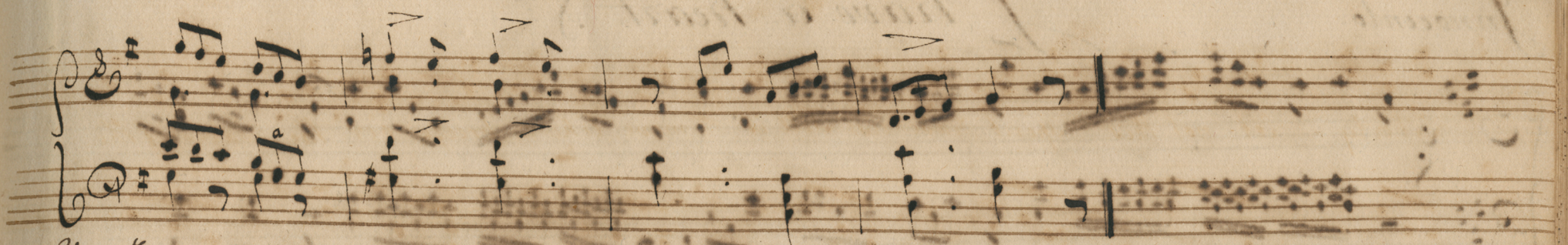


V. 3) In France when the heart of woman sets sail On the Ocean of Wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a Vessel so frail But just pilots her off and then bids her good-bye!
While the Daughters of Erin keep the boy Ever smiling beside his faithful oar
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy The same as he look'd when he left the shore.

Then remember &c.

Sublime was the Warning that liberty spoke.




Liberty! let not this spirit have rest Till it move, like a breeze o'er the waves of the
West, Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot, Nor oh! be the Shamrock of
E-rin forgot, While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain



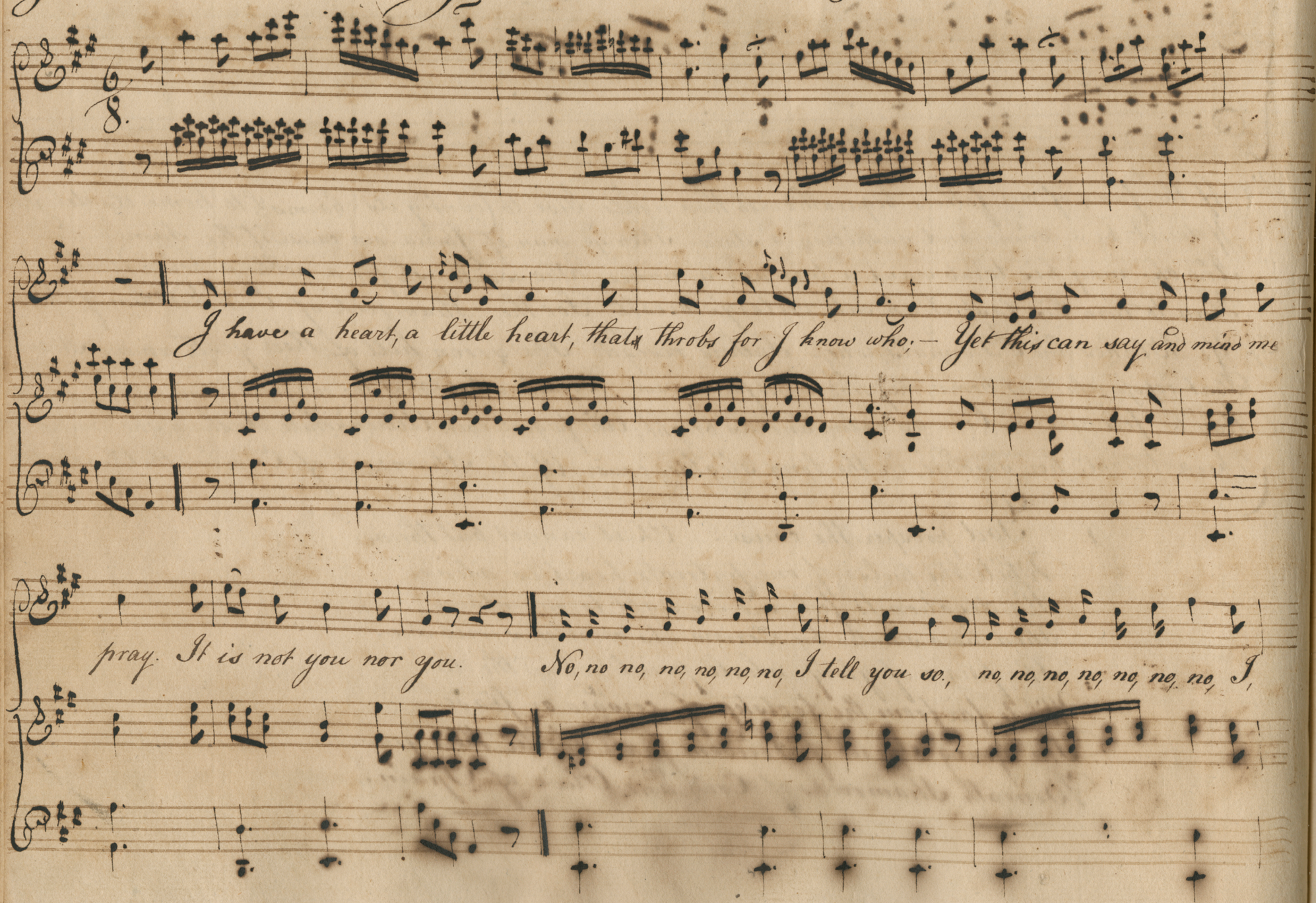
V. 2. If the fame of our fathers bequeath'd with their rights Give to Country its charms & to home its delights
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain. Then ye man of Iberia! our cause if the same ——
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would ask for a nobler a holier death,
Than to turn his last Sigh into victory's breath. For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain.
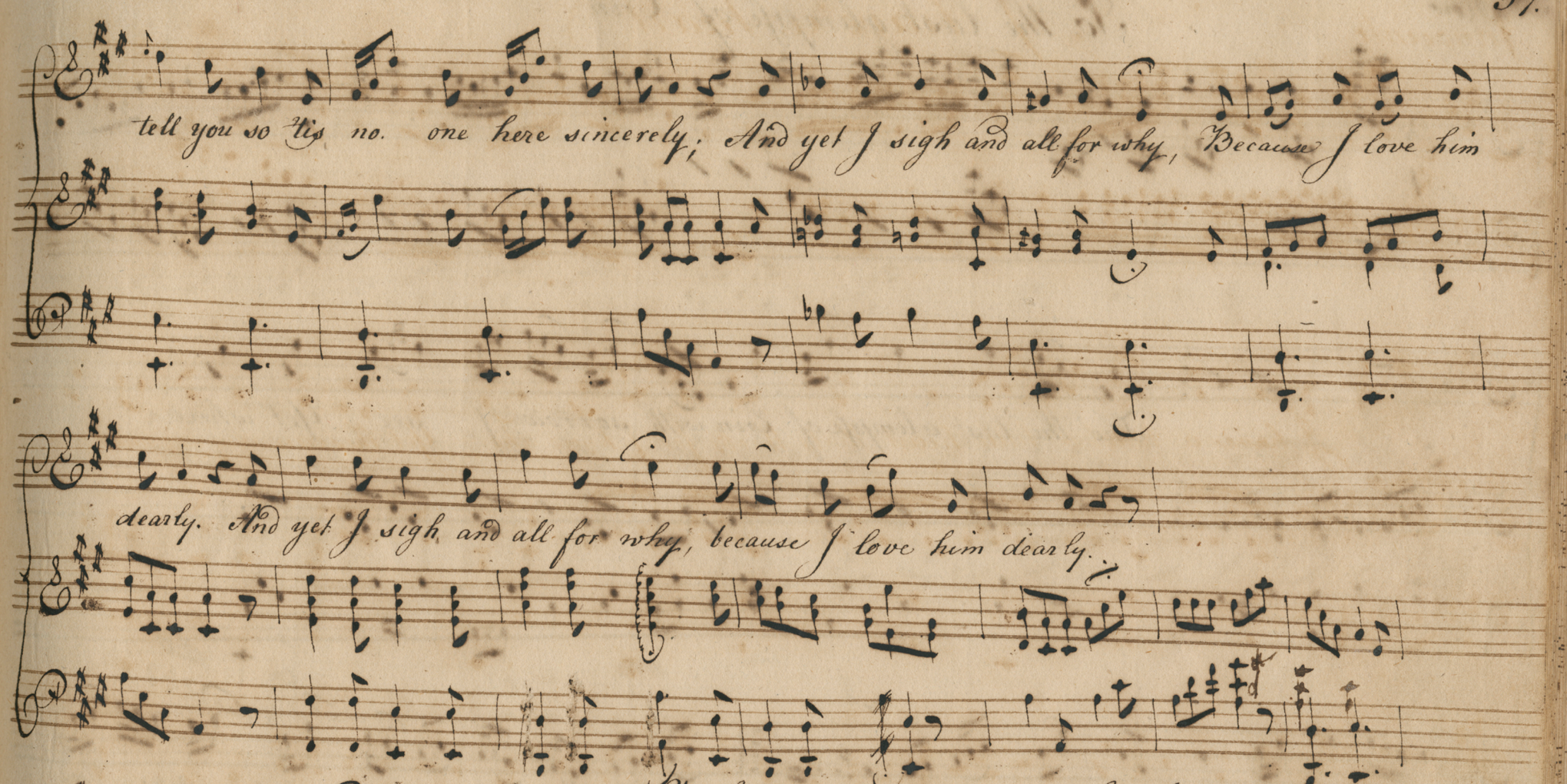
3). Ye Blakes and O'Domals, whose Fathers resign'd The green hill of their youth among Strangers to find
That repose which at home, they had sigh'd for in vain Breathe a hope that the magical flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin as calm and as bright, And forgive even Albion, while blushing, she draws.
Like a truant, her sword, in the long slighted cause, Of the Shamrock of Erin and the Olive of Spain!
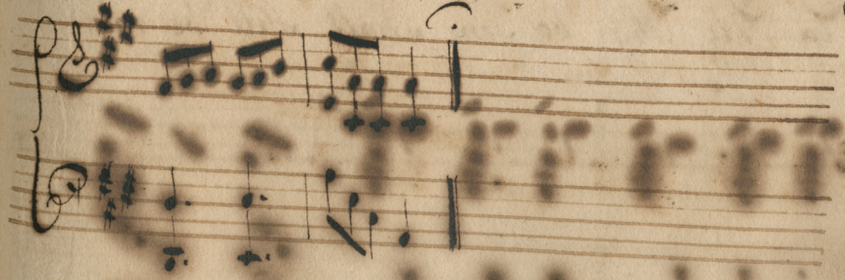
4.) God prosper the cause! — Oh it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriots heart is alive
It's devotion to feel and its right to maintain
Then how sainted by Sorrow its martyr's will die!
The finger of glory shall point where the lie!
While far from the footsteps of coward or slave!
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Fine

Innocento. I have a heart. &c.





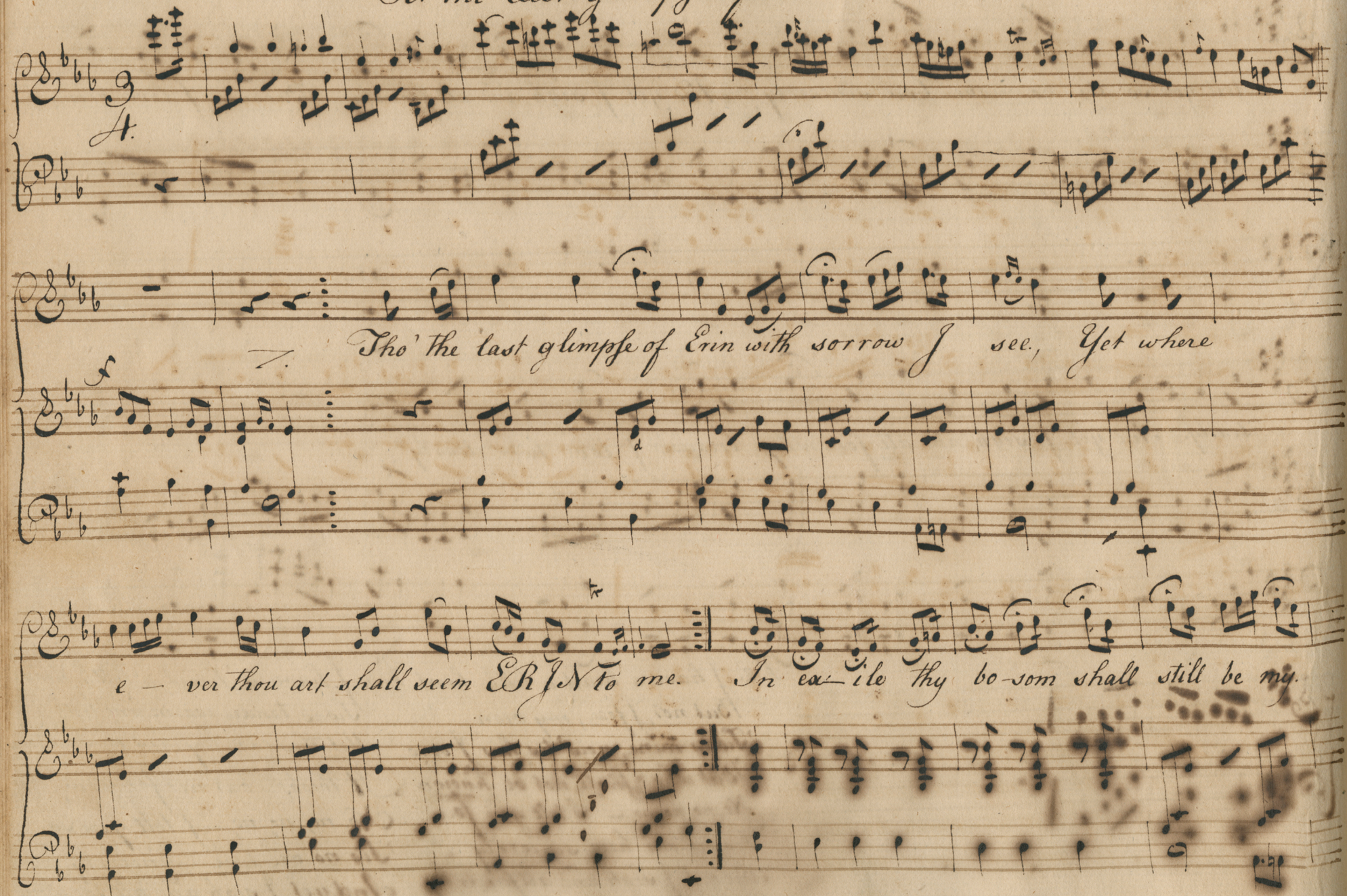


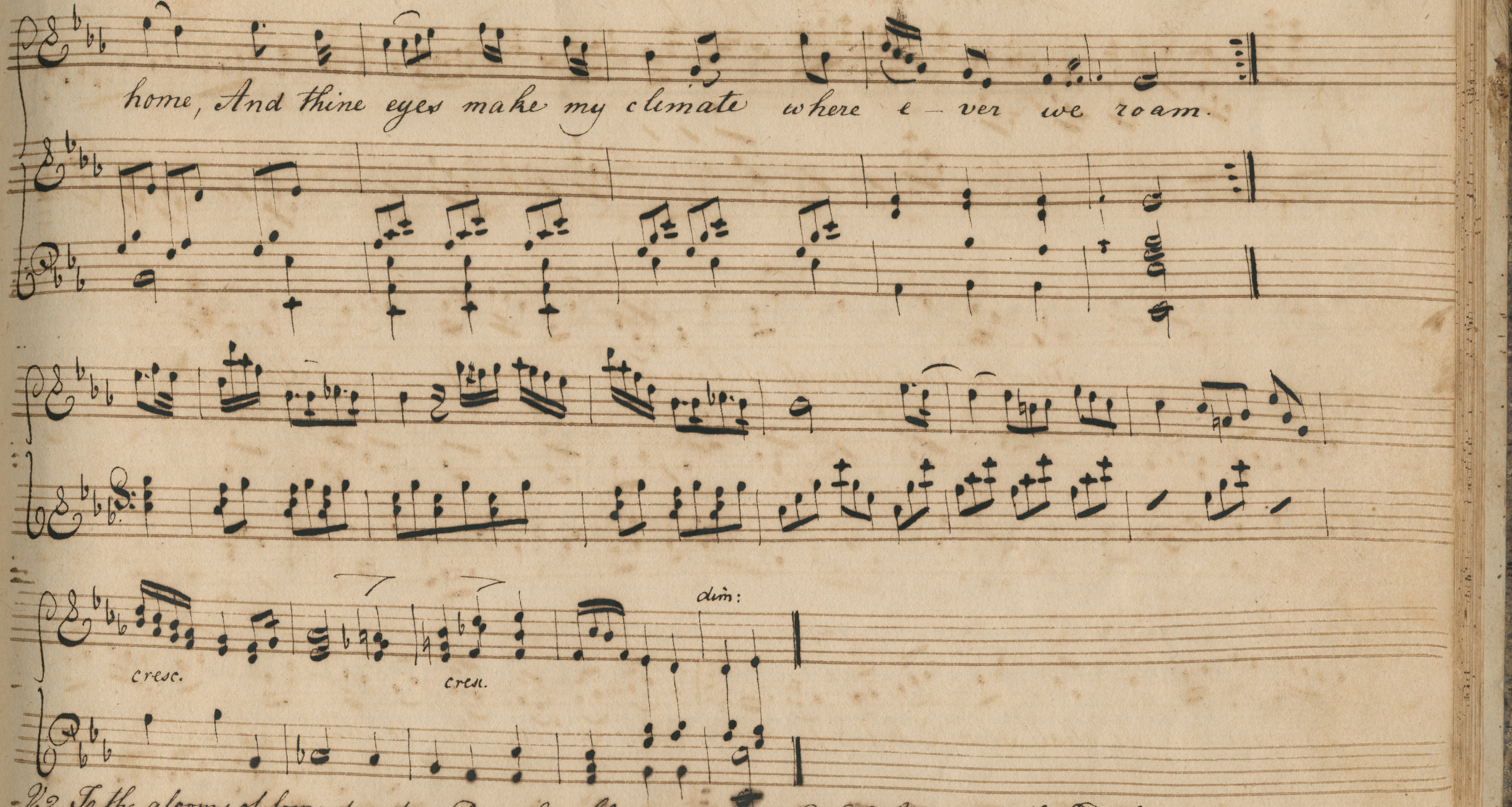
V. 2. I have a heart a little heart
But not, I fear, my own
'Twas mine, now 'tis his I vow
But who – shall not be known
No, no, no, no, – I tell you so.
'Tis no one here sincerely
And yet I sigh and all for why
Because I love him dearly.

V. 3. I have a heart, a little heart
'Twas tender warm and true
Yet this can say and mind me pray
It throbs – but not for you,
No, no, no, no, – I tell you so.
'Tis no one here – sincerely
And yet I sigh and all for why
Because I love him dearly.

38. Slow

To the last glimpse of Erin.
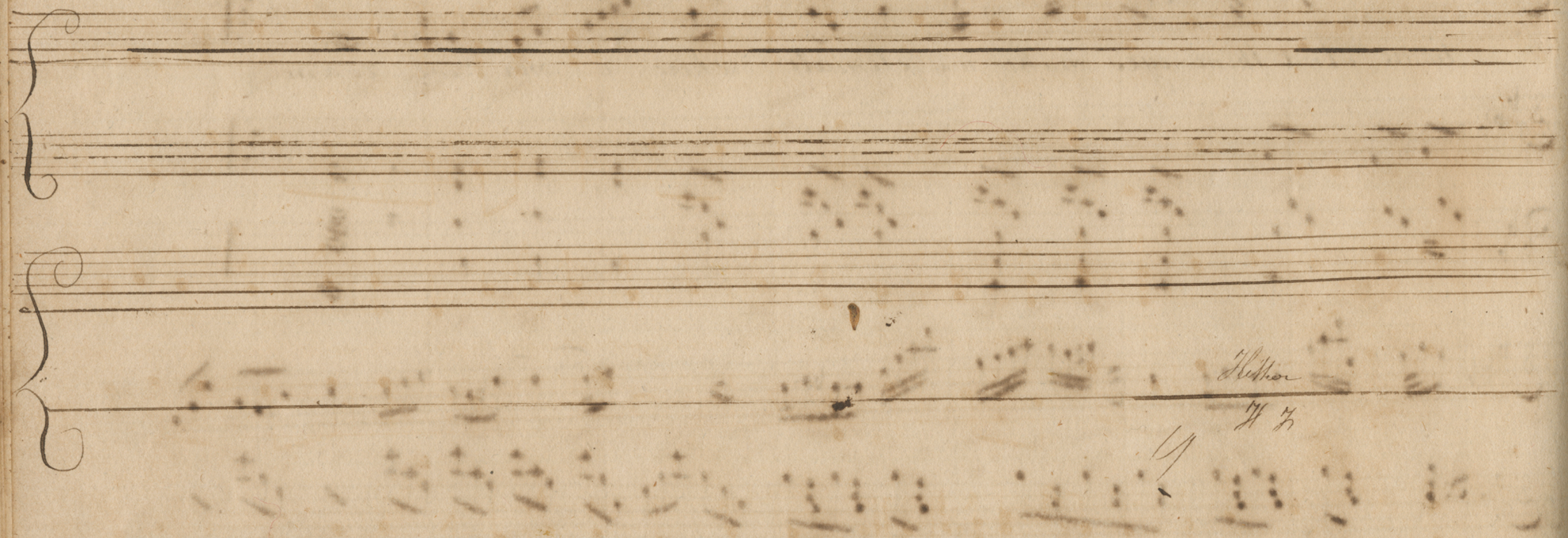




2. To the glooms of some desert or cold rocky Shore
Where the eye of the Stranger can haunt us no more
I will fly with my Coulin and think the rough Wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

3. And I gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes
And hang over the soft Harp as wildly it breathes
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

Fine

Written by
Matth: Rights.
Salem. Aug. 19.th 1811.



2nd

Oh Jesus for such wond'rous condescension
Our praise and reverence are an offring meet
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us
O come &c

3d

Shout his Almighty name ye choirs of Angels
Let the Celestial courts his praise repeat
Unto our God be glory in the highest
O come &c

The Portuguese Hymn — For Christmas Day

Solo

p Hither ye faithful haste with songs of triumph to Bethlehem go the Lord of life to meet

To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour, Oh come and let us Worship Oh come and let us worship

Oh come and let us Worship at his feet

Chorus

1st voices Oh come and let us Worship Oh come and let us Worship

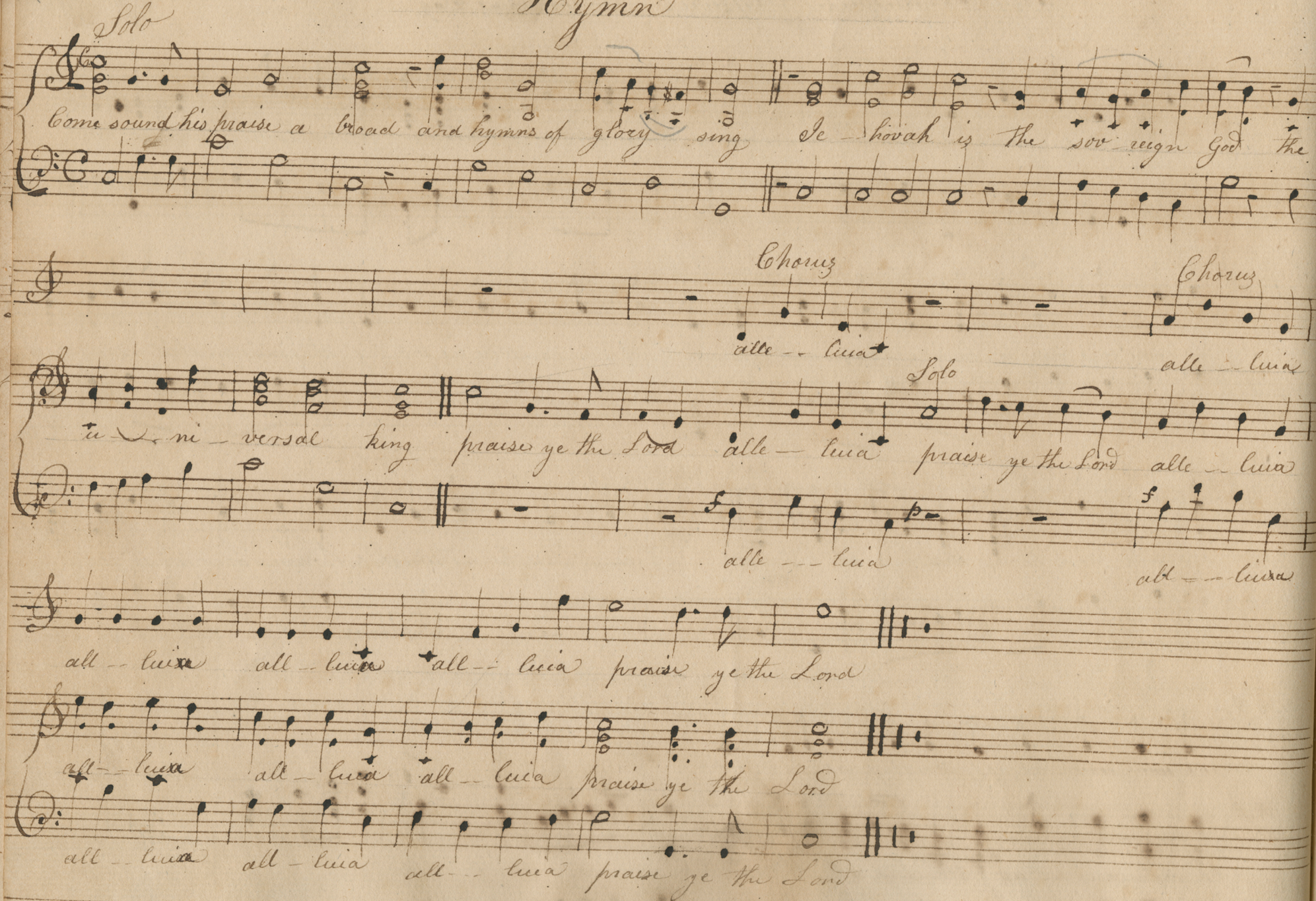
Bass voices Oh come and let us Worship

Oh come and let us Worship at his feet

Oh come and let us Worship at his feet

Oh come and let us Worship at his feet

Hymn


Solo
Come sound his praise a broad and hymns of glory sing Je – hovah is the sov reign God the
Chorus
alle – luia
Chorus
u – ni – versal king praise ye the Lord alle – luia
Solo
praise ye the Lord alle – luia
alle – luia
all – luia all – luia all – luia praise ye the Lord
all – luia all – luia all – luia praise ye the Lord
all – luia all – luia all – luia praise ye the Lord

2.

He form'd the deeps unknown
He gave the Seas their bound
The watry worlds are all his own
And all the solid ground

Praise ye &c

3.

Come worship at his throne
Come bow before the Lord
We are his work and not our own
He form'd us by his word

Praise ye &c
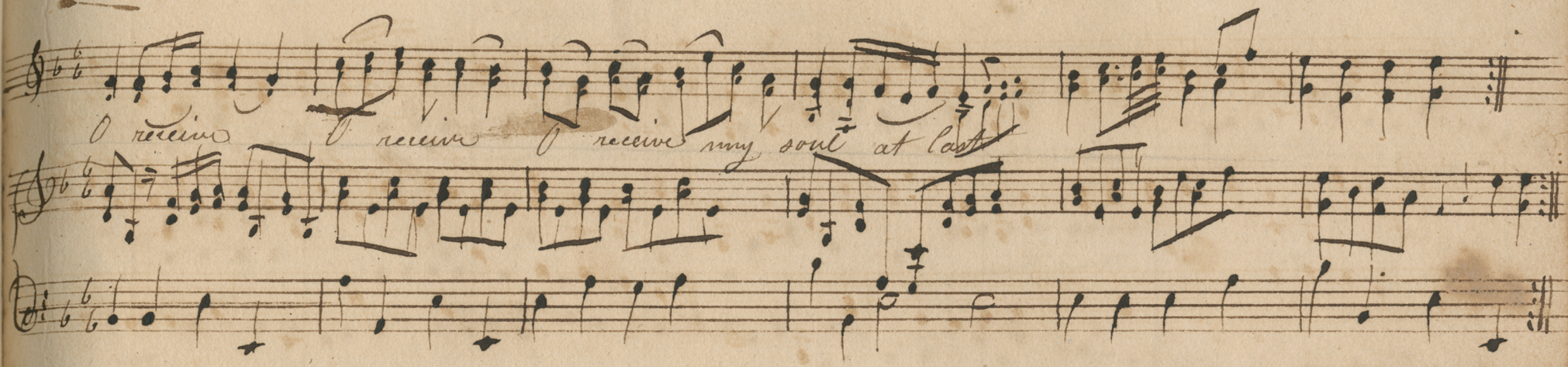
Hymn

Larghetto

Jesus saviour of my soul let me to thy

refuge — fly while the nearer waters roll while the tempest still is nigh hide me O my

saviour hide till the storms of life is past safe into the heaven guide



2d

All my trust on thee is stay'd
All my help from thee I bring
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing

Other refuge have I none
Hangs my helpless soul on thee
Leave ah! leave me not alone
Still support and comfort me

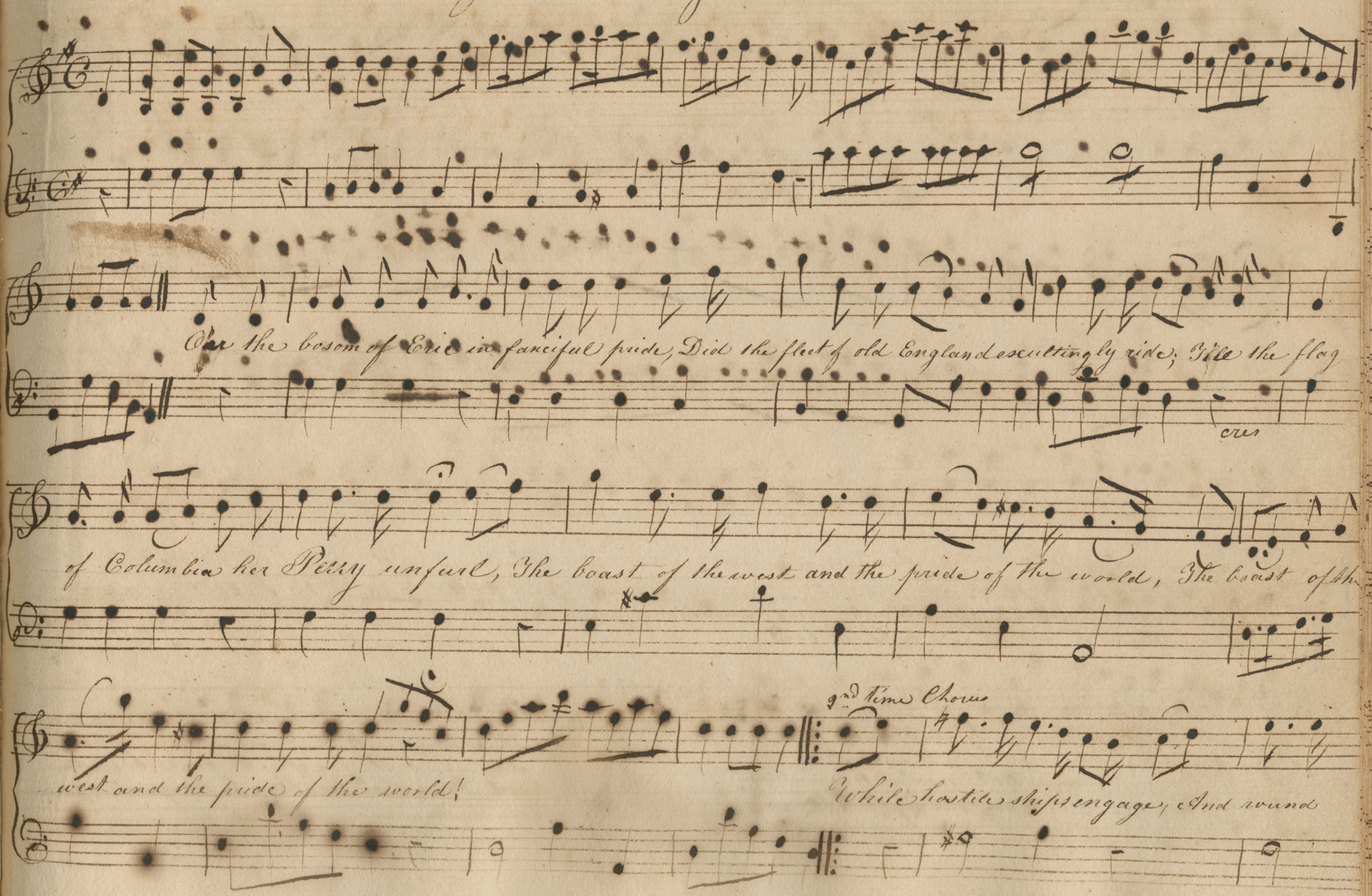
Alt E & B
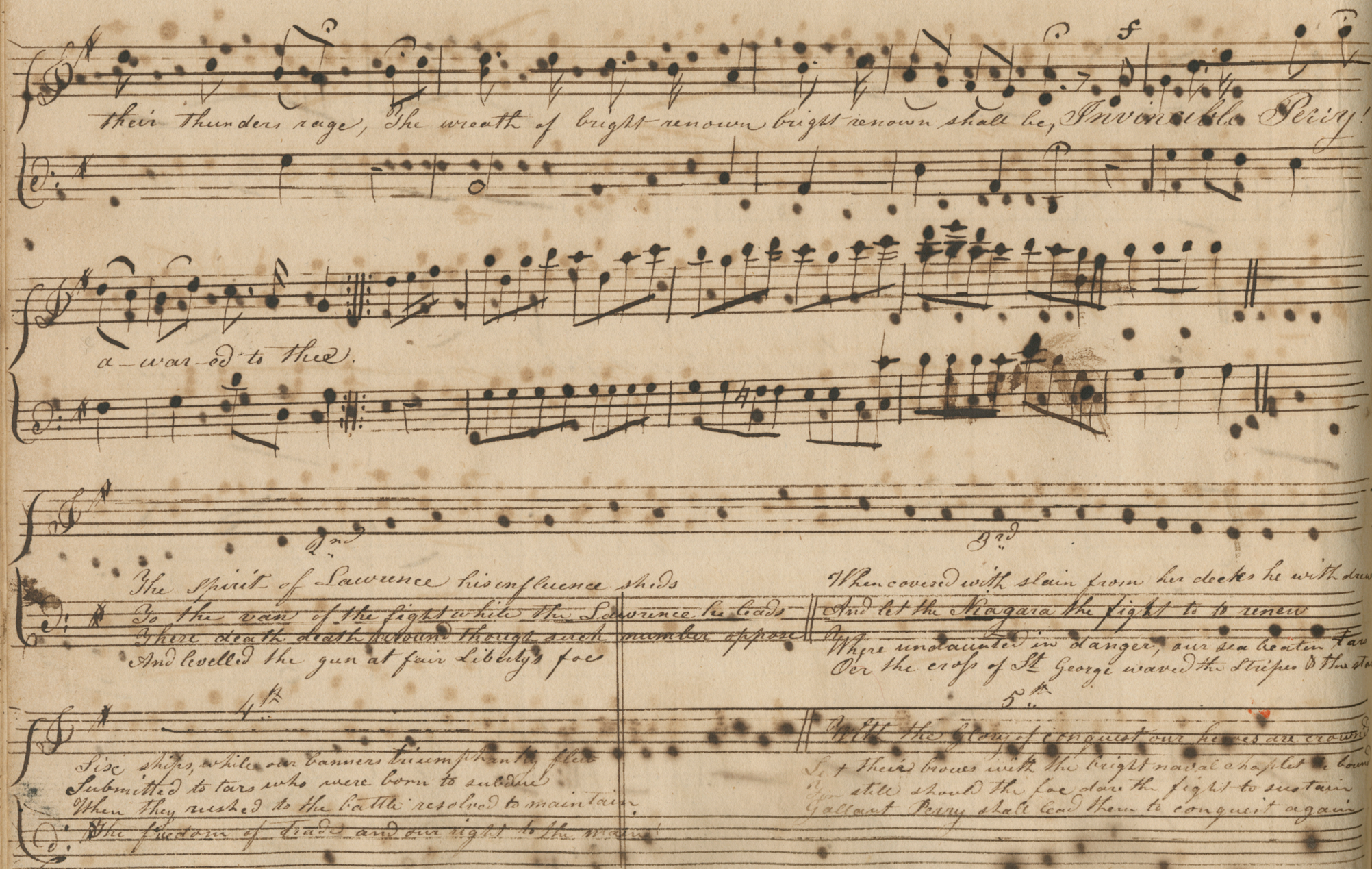
He gives me the friend from whose worm for the first I learnt

Flt sings
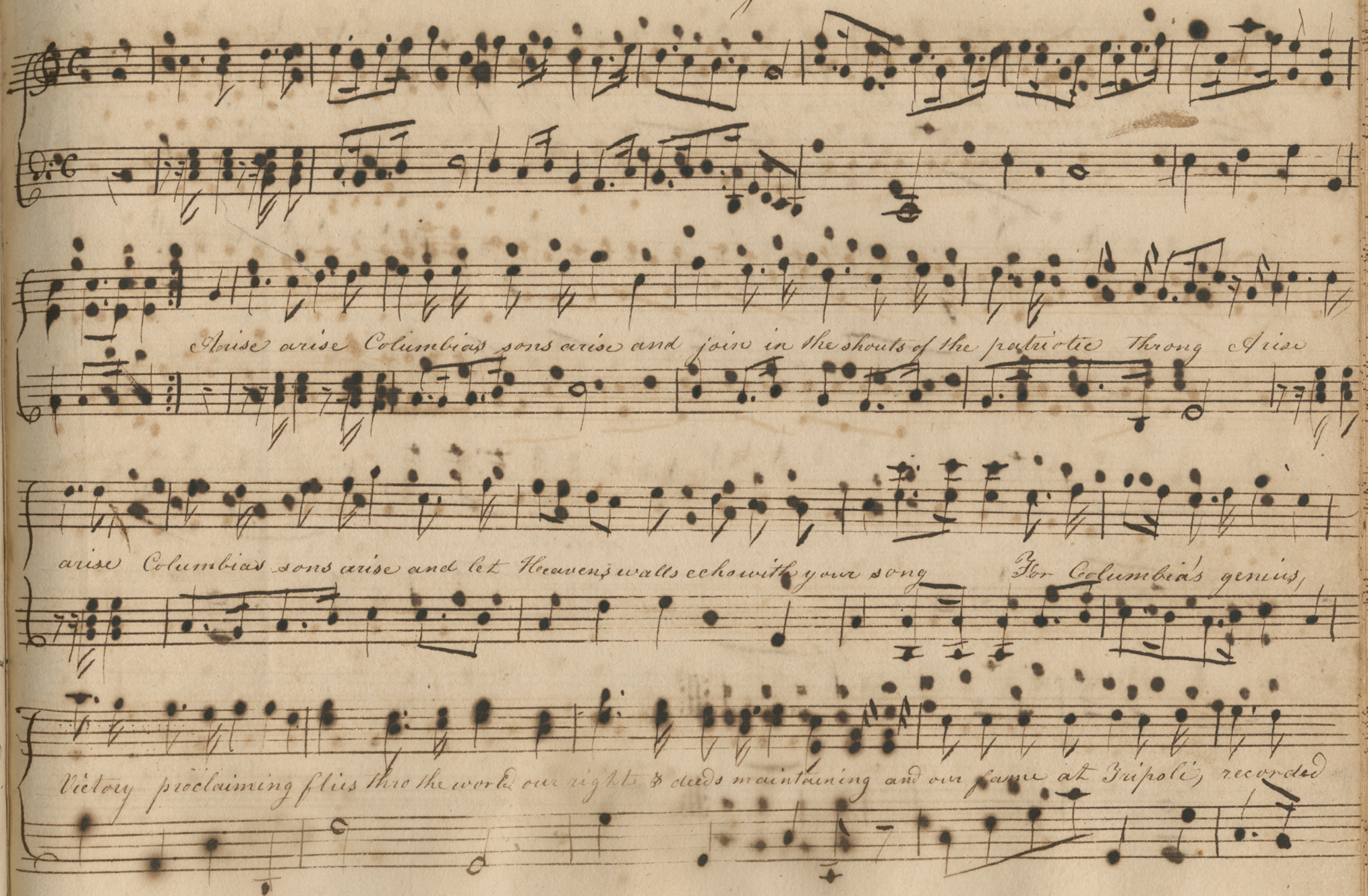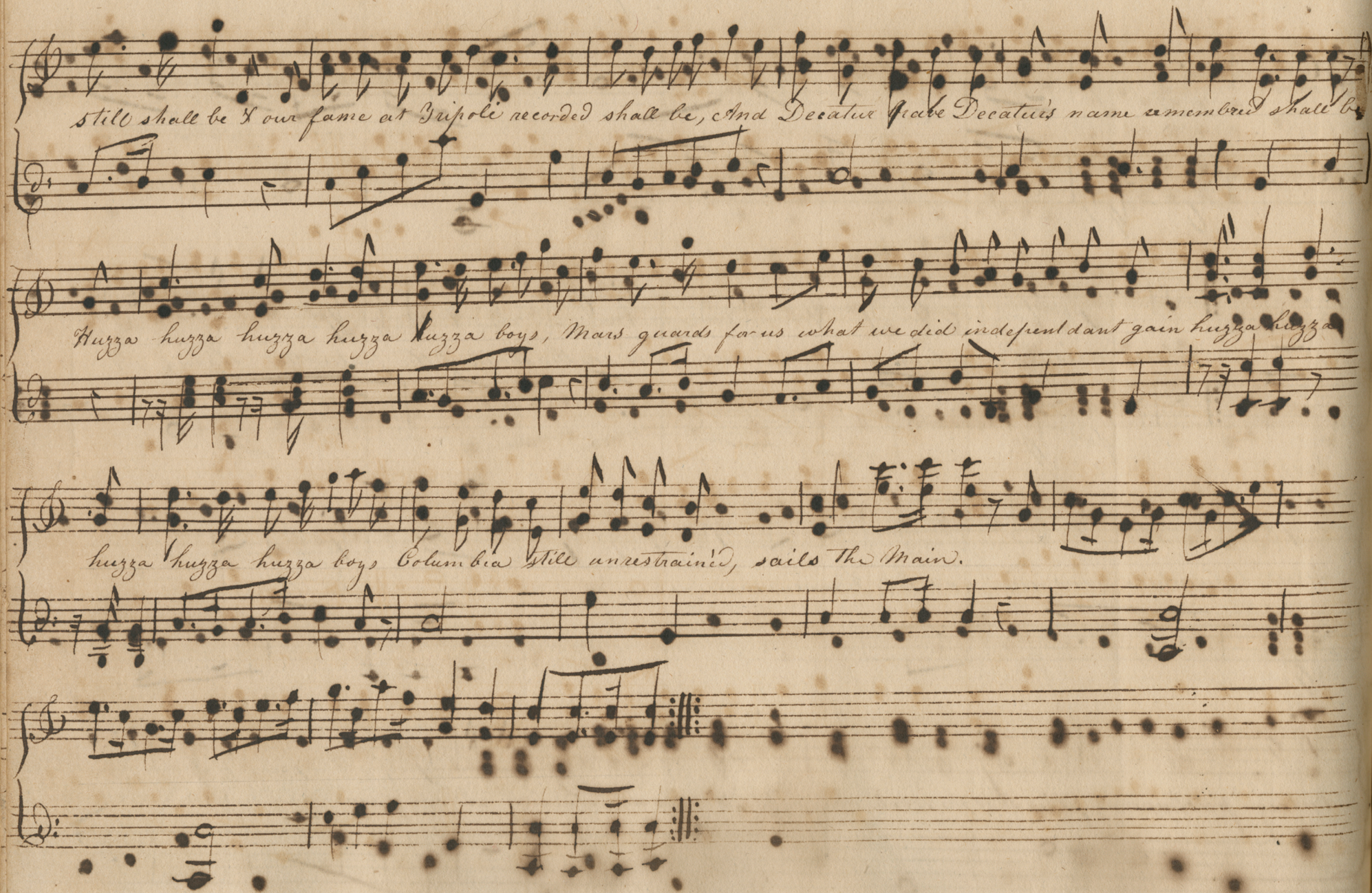


Perry's Victory




their thunders rage, The wreath of bright renown bright renown shall be, Invincible Perry!
a-war-ed to thee.
2nd
3rd
The Spirit of Lawrence his influence sheds
To the van of the fight while the Lawrence he leads
There death death bound thro' such number appear
And levell'd the gun at fair Liberty's foe
When covered with slain from her decks he withdrew
And let the Niagara the fight to renew
Where undaunted in danger, our sea hearts are
Oer the cross of St George waved the Stripes & the
4th
5th
Six ships, while our banners triumphantly flew
Submitted to tars who were born to subdue
When they rushed to the battle resolved to maintain
The freedom of trade and our right to the main
With the glory of conquest our heroes are crown
Let their brows with the bright naval chaplet be bound
For still should the foe dare the fight to sustain
Gallant Perry shall lead them to conquest again

Decaturs Victory




still shall be y our fame at Tripoli recorded shall be, And Decatur grave Decatur's name remembred shall be
Huzza huzza huzza huzza huzza boys, Mars guards for us what we did independant gain huzza huzza
huzza huzza huzza boys Columbia still unrestrained, sails the Main.

Hull & Victory

Moderato
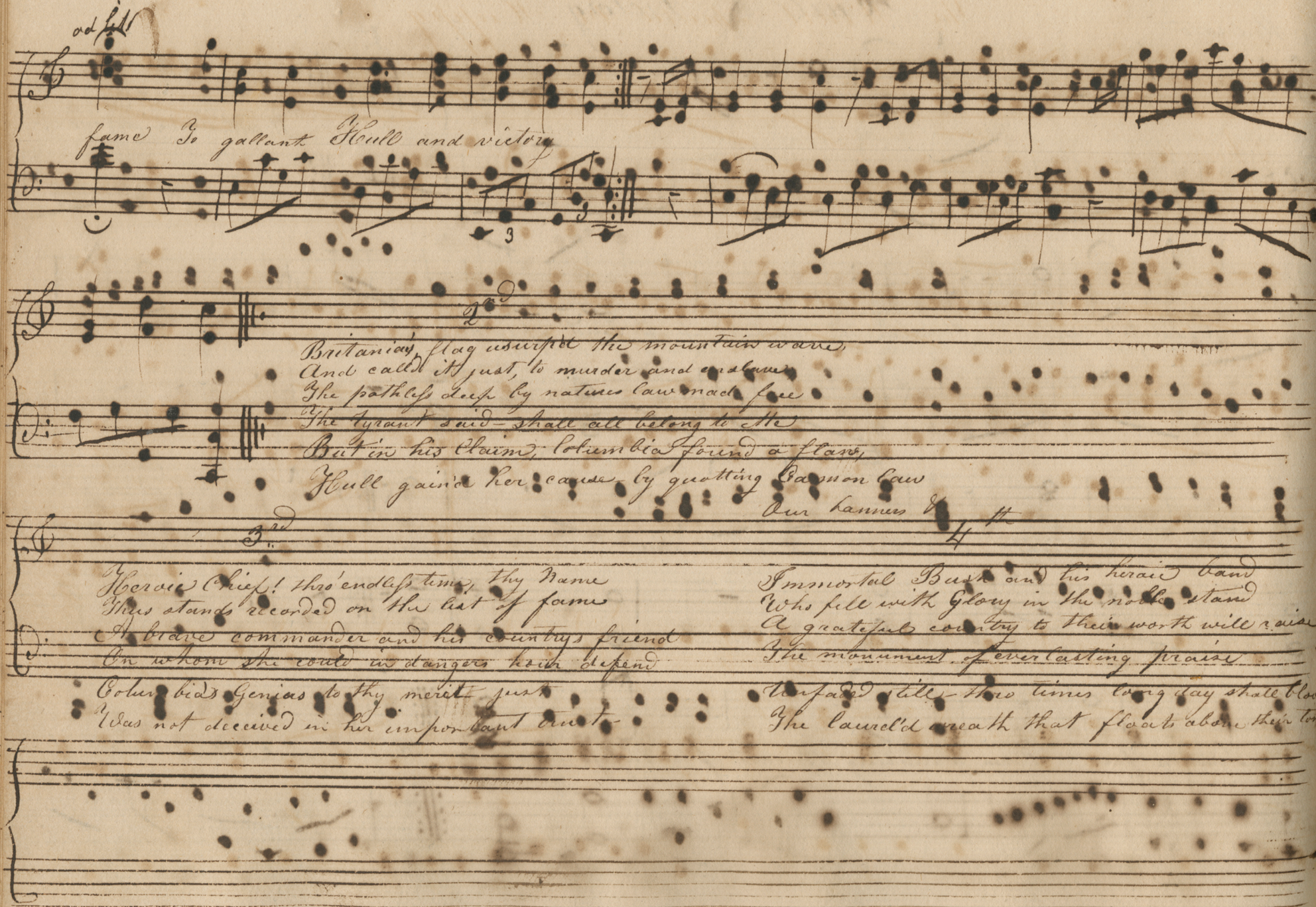
"Hail brave defenders

of your Country's cause Receive the triumph of its loud applause; Your valor put a

haughty foe to flight Who dar'd our tars to meet him in the fight Three cheers proclaim'd the

2nd time Chorus

Constitution free From vaunting threats of ruthless tyranny As glory swells the triumph of


2d
Britania's flag usurpt the mountain wave,
And call'd it just, to murder and enslave,
The pathless deep by natures law made free
The tyrant said - shall all belong to Me
But in his claim, Columbia found a flaw,
Hull gain'd her cause by quoting Gamon law
Our banners d'
3d
Heroic Chief! tho' endless time, thy Name
Thus stands recorded on the list of fame
A brave commander and his countrys friend
On whom she could in dangers both depend
Columbia's Genius to thy merit just
Was not deceived in her important trust
Immortal Bust and his heroic hand
Who fell with Glory in the noble stand
A grateful country to their worth will raise
The monument of everlasting praise
Unfaded while the times long day shall bloom
The laurel'd wreath that floats above their tomb

by W. Reeve
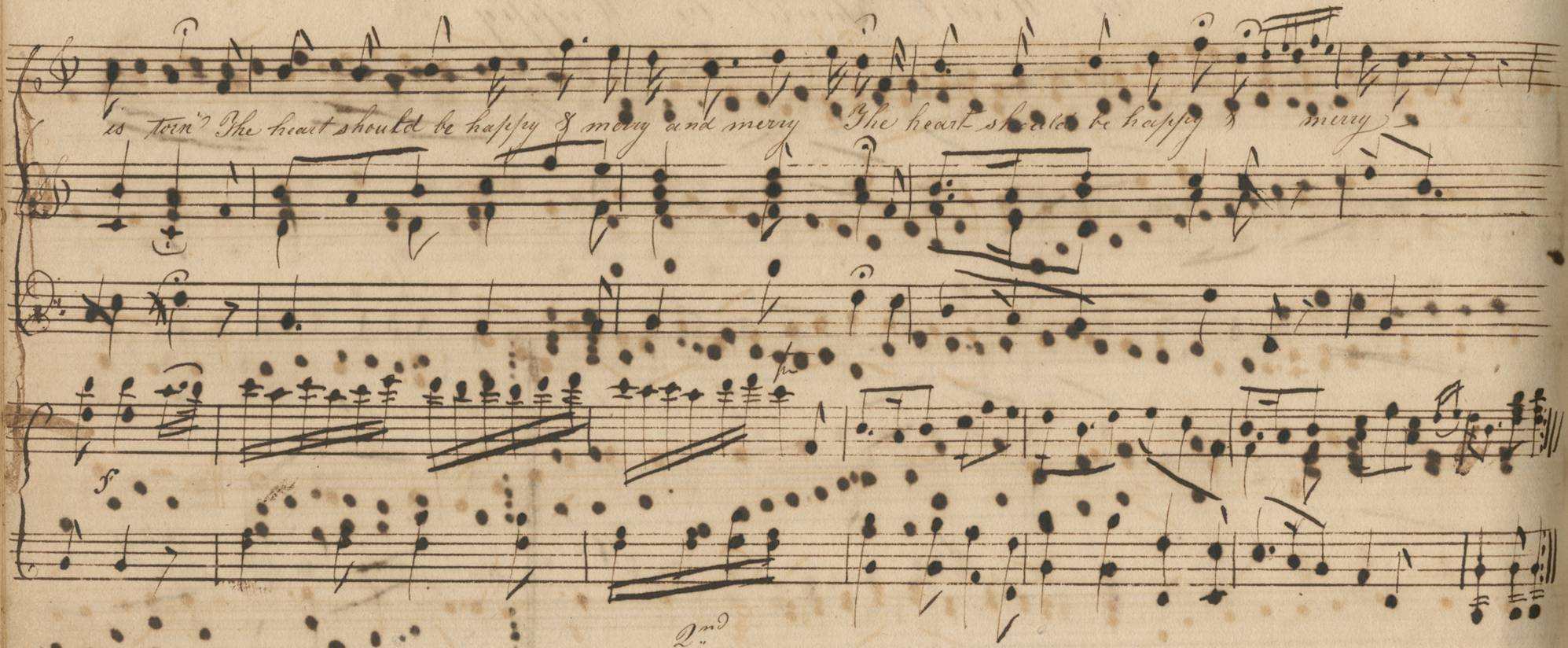
The Heart should be Happy

Allegretto

How gaily the Linnet sings perched on the
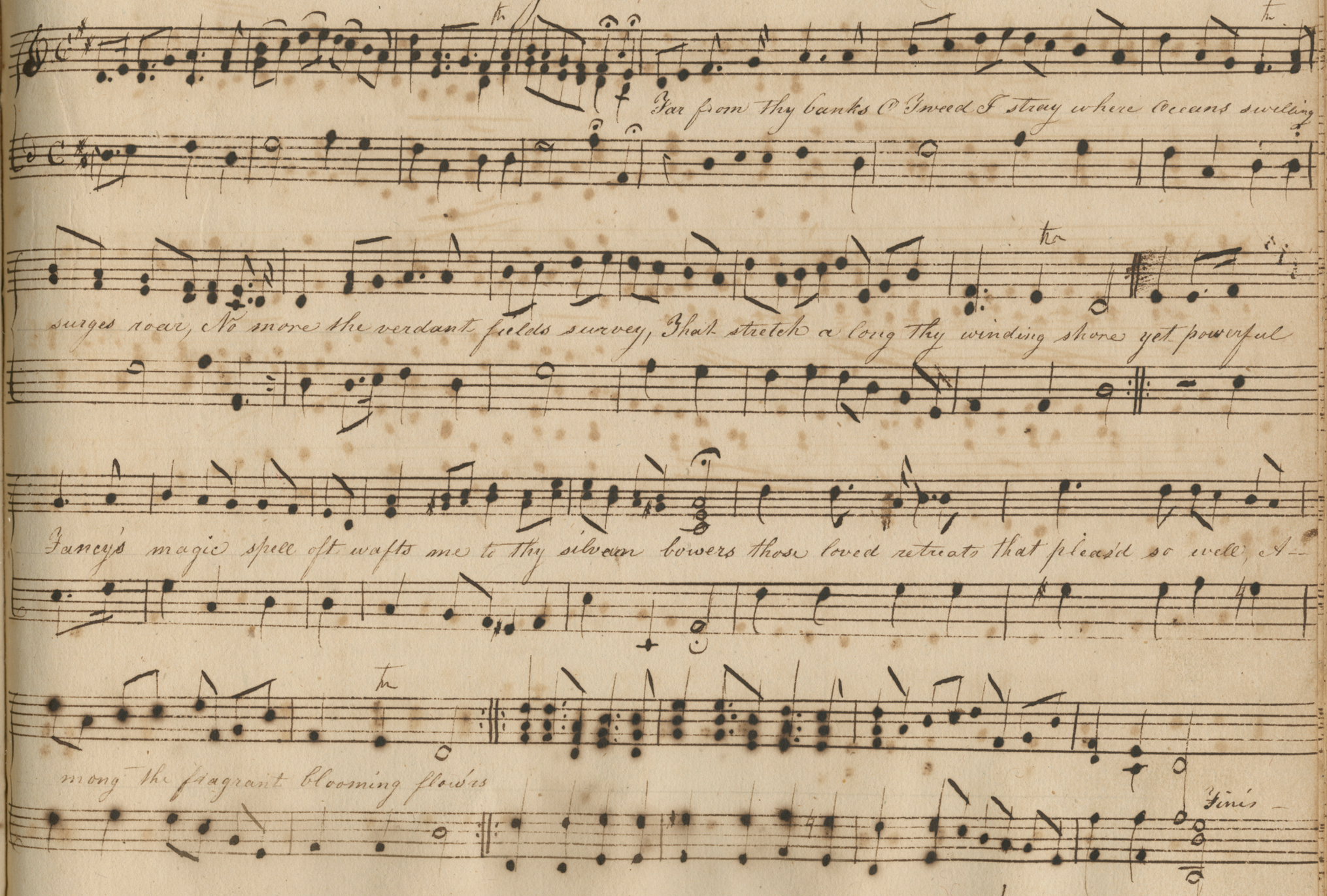
treble

thorn & careless[ly] pecks the red berry emblem for Man To read if he can That while by no bad deed the conscience



The innocent Lamb lightly frisks over the Lawn
While the Wolf in dekkk covert will bury
From guilty dismay
He shuns the Bright Day
And when with remorse the foul conscience is torn
No heart can be happy and merry

Thy Banks & Inveed



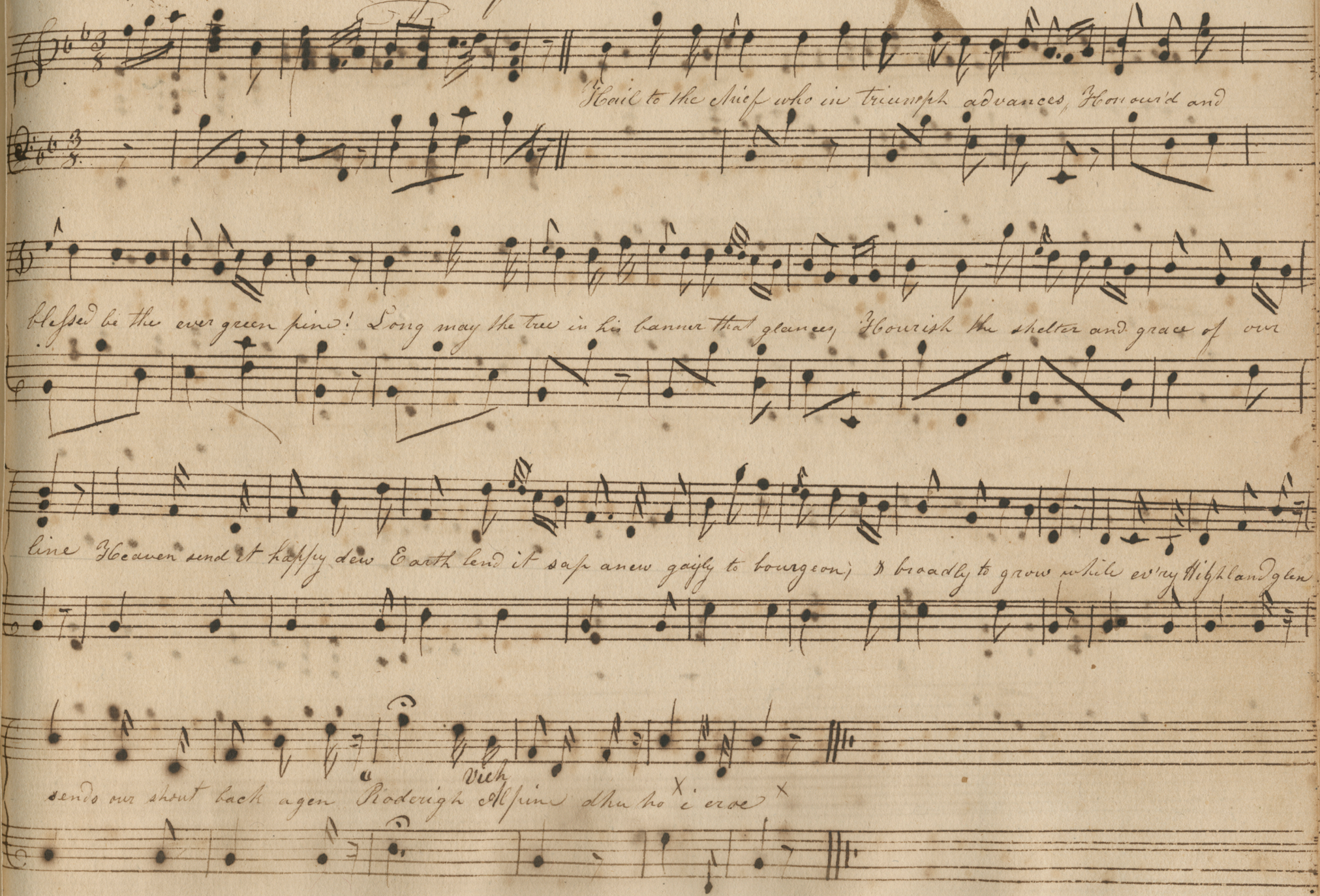
Last verse of the Boat Song in the Lady of the Lake

Row Vassal, Row for the pride of the Highlands
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine
O! that the rose bud that graces yon Islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine
O! that some seedling gem
Worthy such noble Stem
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow
Loud shond Clan Alpine then
Ring through each Dale and glen
Roderigh Vich Alpine! Dhu ho' Eraic! —

2nd

Ours is no sapling chance sown by the fountain
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade,
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade
Moor'd in the rifted rock
Proof to the tempest shock
Firmer she roots him the ruder it blow
Mentieth and Breadalbane, then
Echo his praise again
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu ho ever!

Lady of the Lake
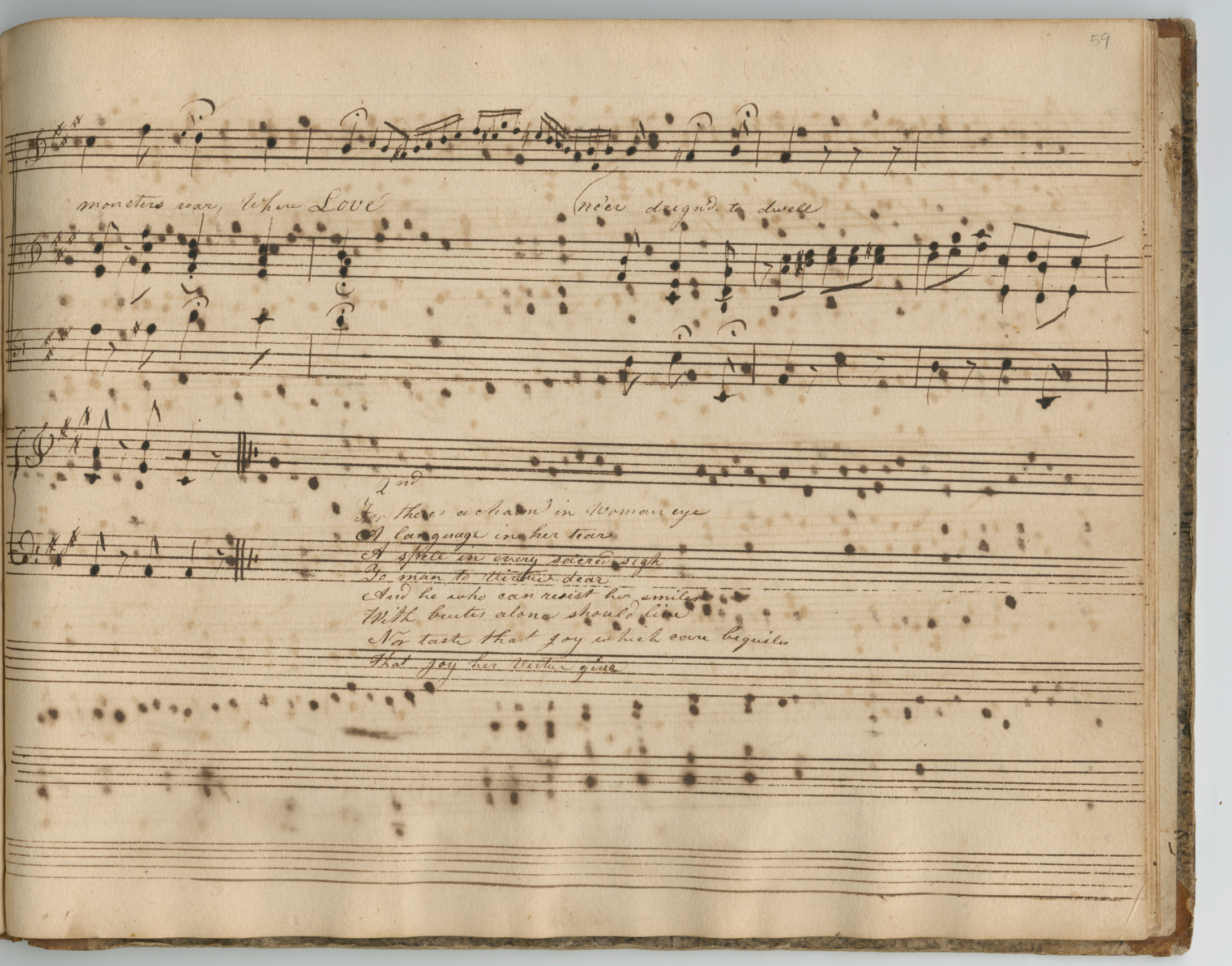


Is there a Heart that never Lov'd

By Braham
In the Operatic Romance
of the Devils Bridge

Larghetto

Is there a heart that never lov'd? Or felt soft Woman's sigh? Is there a Man can mark unmov'd, Dear

Woman's tearful eye? Oh bear him to some distant shore, Or solitary cell, Where none but savages


monsters roar, where Love
(n'er deign'd to dwell
2nd
For there a charm in Woman eye
A language in her tear
A spell in every sacred sigh
To man to Virtue dear
And he who can resist her smiles
With brutes alone should live
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles
That joy her Virtue gives

Maid of Erin

My thoughts delight to wander, Upon a distant shore Where lovely young and tender, Is she whom I a-

dore; May Heaven its blessings sparing, On her bestow them free, The lovely Maid of Erin, Who

Dolce

ad lib.

sweetly sung to me, Who sweetly sung to me

For.

2nd

Had fortune fixed my station
In some prosperities hour
The Monarch of a Nation
Endowed with wealth & power
That wealth & power sharing
My lovely queen should be
The lovely maid of Erin
Who sweetly sung to me
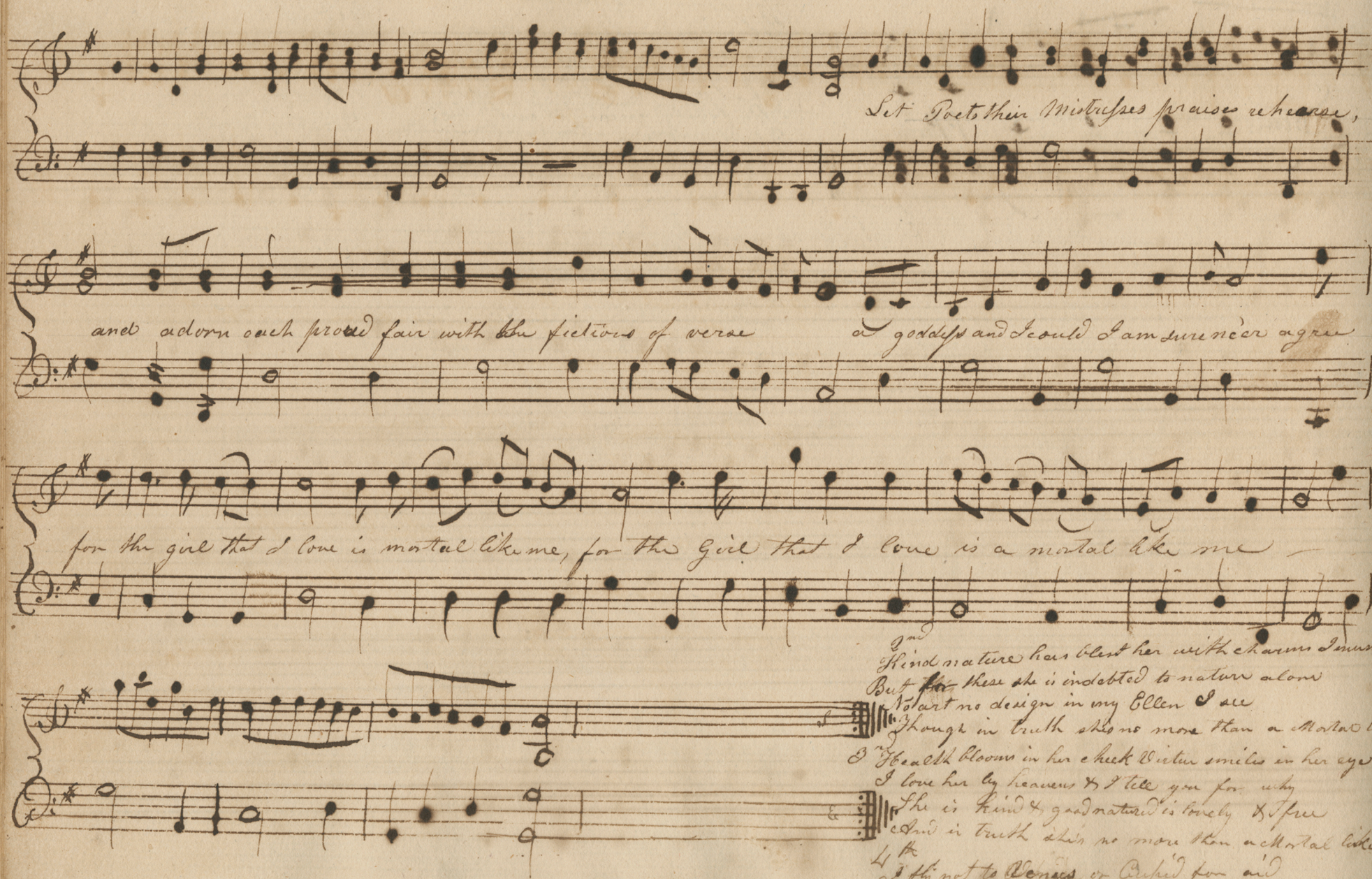
3rd

Altho the restless Ocean
May long between us roar
Yet while my heart has motion
Shall lodge within its core
For artless & endearing
And mild and gaining is the
The lovely Maid of Erin
Who sweetly sung to me
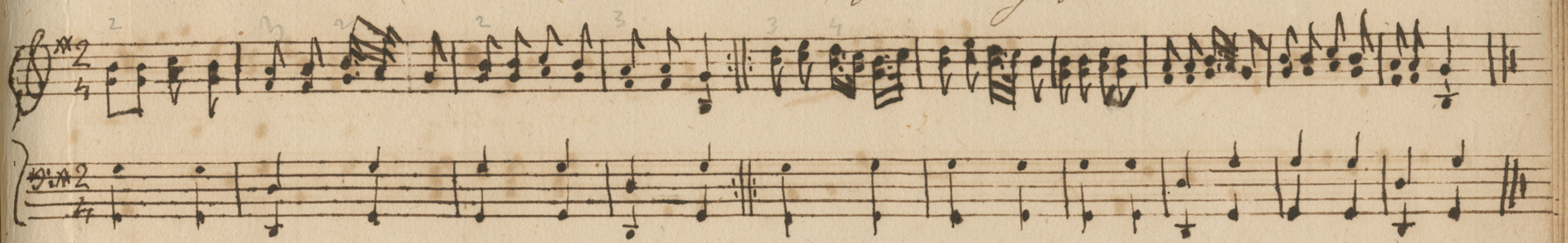
Dim:

pp

Auld Lang Syne


Let Poets their Mistresses praises rehearse,
and adorn each proud fair with the fictions of verse
a goddess and I could I am sure never agree
for the girl that I love is mortal like me, for the Girl that I love is a mortal like me
2nd
Kind nature has blest her with charms I must own
But for these she is indebted to nature alone
No art no design in my Ellen I see
Though in truth she's no more than a Mortal like me
3rd Health blooms in her cheek Virtue smiles in her eye
I love her by heaven & I tell you for why
She is kind & good natured is lovely & free
And in truth she's no more than a Mortal like me
4th
I fly not to Venus or Cupid for aid
But softly where I love to my beauteful Maid
These words the fond wish of my bosom shall be
Love a mortal dear Ellen and Cat it be me

Bounding Billows



Bounding billows cease your motion
Bear me not so swiftly o'er
Cease thy roaring foaming ocean - (repeat)
I will tempt thy rage no more.

—

For I go where fate shall lead me
For across the troubled deep
Where no strangers eyes shall heed me — (repeat)
Where no eye for me shall weep

—

Pride has been my fatal passion
Proud my injured heart shall be
While each thought and inclination. — (repeat)
Shall forever rest on thee

Miss C R Carson

Miss C R Carson

White Jessamine

Miss Caroline Pierce

Miss E M Bourke

Miss E M Bourke

Miss E M

